



## The Peterloo Massacre by Paul Magrs

**THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON**

Time traveller.

**NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON**

Time traveller's companion.

**TEGAN: JANET FIELDING**

Time traveller's companion.

**CATHY:**

(E20s, LANCASHIRE) Servant girl and (secretly) single mother.

**HURLEY:**

(50s, MANCUNIAN) Well-to-do factory owner.

**WILLIAM:**

(E20s, POSH BUT STILL NORTHERN) Son of privilege.

**THOMAS TYLER:**

(20s, LONDON POSH) Journalist.

**WALTON:**

(30s, POSH) Brutish cavalry officer.

**MRS HURLEY/ SISTER:**

(40s, NORTHERN BUT FAKES POSH)/ Austere nun.

**ROBERTS/ REV SMALL:**

(40s-50s, LANCASHIRE) Cathy's father./ Pompous old vicar.

**ALSO: PROTESTORS**

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**PART ONE**

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**1. INT. TARDIS CONSOLE ROOM**

FX: TARDIS ENGINES IN TORMENT; TUMBLING THROUGH THE SKIES ABOVE MANCHESTER, CAREERING THROUGH THE CENTURIES. SCREECHING, WAILING, AS IF CHOKED WITH HORRIBLE POLLUTION.

TEGAN:  
What's happening to the TARDIS?

DOCTOR:  
We're hurtling through the skies somewhere above Manchester.

TEGAN:  
Through the skies?!

NYSSA:  
The navigational systems are malfunctioning due to travelling backwards through decades of carboniferous emissions.

DOCTOR:  
Yes, it appears the old girl doesn't much care for the Industrial Revolution.

TEGAN:  
So you're saying we got lost in the smog?!

DOCTOR:  
Worse than that! We're flying blind! Brace yourselves!

TEGAN:  
What, we're going to crash?

NYSSA:  
Can't you dematerialise, Doctor?

DOCTOR:  
Too late! Positions...!

**CROSS TO:**

**2. EXT. GROUNDS OF HURLEY HALL, CHEADLE HULME. NIGHT.**

FX: ALMIGHTY CRASH - THE TARDIS LANDS HEAVILY ON TREES IN THE GROUNDS OF HURLEY HALL, A LITTLE WAY AWAY. SMASHING AND SPLINTERING. COMES TO STOP. CROSSFADE TO:

WILLIAM:  
(RUNNING UP) Cathy! Cathy!

CATHY:  
Hurry with the lamp, William. It's in the trees, whatever it is...

WILLIAM:  
Have a care, Cathy. That noise... it was something hellish. It wasn't of this earth!

CATHY:  
And you a man of industry and science? Master William, you're as credulous as any of us servants.

HURLEY:  
(DISTANT, APPROACHING) William! William, where are you?

WILLIAM:  
Over here, Father.

HURLEY:  
(HURRYING OVER) What the devil's going on out here? It sounded like a hundred barrels of gunpowder going off!

CATHY:  
There's something in the trees.

HURLEY:  
Are you sure, girl...?

FX: DISTANT CRACKLING UNDERGROWTH FROM THE TREELINE - TARDIS CREW APPROACHING.

CATHY:  
Sssh! Listen!

HURLEY:  
Don't you shush your master!

CATHY:  
Can't you hear? There are *voices*...!

FX: CROSS TO THE TARDIS CREW'S POV, COMING THROUGH TREES.

TEGAN:

This way! I can hear voices.

NYSSA:

And lights! Doctor, there are lights. There's a building of some kind...

TEGAN:

A mansion, by the looks of it.

DOCTOR:

(STRUGGLING THROUGH BRANCHES) Hold on, I'm a bit caught up in these branches... (FREE) Ah! Yes, it is rather a big house, isn't it?

WILLIAM:

(DISTANT) Hello? Who are you?

HURLEY:

(DISTANT) Where the devil did you come from? What was that horrific hullabaloo?

NYSSA:

They don't look very friendly.

DOCTOR:

Well, we shall just have to tread carefully – (STUMBLES) Argh!

NYSSA:

Doctor? Are you alright?

DOCTOR:

Perfectly, I – (WINCES) Ow! I seem to have twisted my ankle.

TEGAN:

So much for treading carefully.

HURLEY:

(CLOSER NOW) Who the devil are you people?

DOCTOR:

Hello! I'm the Doctor. I'm terribly sorry to have ended up dropping in on you like this, in the middle of the night...

**CROSS TO:**

**3. INT. DRAWING ROOM. NIGHT**

FX: HURRYING FOOTSTEPS LEADING TRAVELLERS INTO DRAWING ROOM,  
PAST TICKING GRANDFATHER CLOCK.

TEGAN:

Nice place you've got here!

FX: DOORS TO DRAWING-ROOM OPENED.

HURLEY:

Yes, come on, come on. I'd rather hear you people explain  
yourselves in the drawing room, rather than stand around  
outside.

DOCTOR:

You're very kind. (WINCES AGAIN)

FX: FOLLOW THEM INTO DRAWING ROOM.

HURLEY:

Good God – what are you wearing, all three of you?!

NYSSA:

Clothes?

WILLIAM:

Never mind, sit down. Cathy? Fellow here looks in need of  
something restorative.

CATHY:

I'll get Cook to warm some milk.

HURLEY:

Milk, by hang! Brandy's what's required here.

DOCTOR:

(SITTING) Really, you mustn't go to any bother...

HURLEY:

(CALLING) Dodson! – Dammit, where is that butler? (CALLING) We  
need drink here! On the double!

TEGAN:

Isn't that the drinks cabinet just over there?

DOCTOR:

Shush, Tegan.

HURLEY:

Dodson!

WILLIAM:

Father, you'll be waking up mother. She needs her rest...

HURLEY:

I told her not to leave her room, until I knew what's going on.  
(TO DOCTOR) And I'm still none the wiser, sir!

DOCTOR:

Ah, yes. Well, that was our fault. My fault, really. It was my ship.

WILLIAM:

Ship?

HURLEY:

We're a long way from the sea!

DOCTOR:

This will take some explaining.

HURLEY:

And we will sit here until you have explained to my satisfaction how and why you've managed to bring down the finest stand of oaks in all of Cheadle Hulme.

WILLIAM:

Father, calm down. They seem like reasonable people...

HURLEY:

Causing explosions in the night? Reasonable? My heart nearly leapt out of my chest! I thought revolution had come! – Now you, sir, will explain what you mean about a 'ship'!

DOCTOR:

(DEEP BREATH) Well...

WILLIAM:

In the morning, perhaps? – Father?

HURLEY:

Very well, in the morning. But I'll have my answers then, sir – you see that I don't!

**CUT TO:**

**4: INT. CATHY'S HOME. EARLY MORNING.**

FX: MUSICAL CUE SUGGESTING DAWN. COCK CROWING OUTSIDE. RATTLE OF DOOR AS CATHY LETS HERSELF INTO LOWLY DWELLING BELONGING TO HER FATHER. CRACKLING FIRE.

ROBERTS:

Cathy?! – Where have you been, girl? You should have been back hours ago.

CATHY:

Shush, father. Everything's fine. Here, you've let the fire burn down...

FX: SHE STOKES THE FIRE, CLANGS POTS.

ROBERTS:

The child was up through the night. He won't settle unless you're here...

CATHY:

There was a something strange going on. I was needed.

ROBERTS:

(MORE HEATED) I need you here. So does your... little brother.

CATHY:

Hush. You'll wake him...

ROBERTS:

Bargain was, you'd be here to do all the household tasks, same as your mother used to. Then I can keep working, and doing early starts.

CATHY:

I know that, father. I'm here, aren't I?

ROBERTS:

The pittance you make at Hurley Hall won't keep us, will it? I've got to work. Even sick as I am.

CATHY:

Things will get easier...

ROBERTS:

They will, will they? And when's that?

CATHY:

You'll see. Things have to get better.

ROBERTS:

I don't see how. And I don't see your fancy friends changing anything, either. Not any time soon.

CATHY:

(LAUGHING) What fancy friends have I got?

ROBERTS:

You know who I mean. That lot you fell in with. Speechifiers. Talkers.

CATHY:

There's nothing wrong with talking.

FX: FIDDLING WITH TEA THINGS, KETTLE WHISTLING ON HOB.

ROBERTS:

Rabble-rousing. That's what it is. And you won't be allowed to get away with it.

CATHY:

Come on, Dad. Get this tea. Have you time for porridge?

ROBERTS:

Tend to yourself. And prepare the boy's breakfast. He'll hear your voice and want to be up. I have to go. But tell me – why were you out all night?

CATHY:

Oh! They had an emergency up at the Hall. It was the oddest thing... these people, strangers, turning up out of nowhere. Like no-one else you've ever seen. They claim they just fell out of the sky. In some kind of box.

ROBERTS:

I don't like the sound of that. What were you needed for?

CATHY:

I had to see to them. Get them rooms sorted out. The Hurleys of Cheadle pride themselves on their hospitality, you know...

ROBERTS:

Oh yes, the big man in his high castle. I still don't like the sound of all this. Folk dropping out of the sky...

CATHY:

Quite nice folk, as it turns out. They were very friendly to me.

ROBERTS:

You take far too much interest in life outside this house. You've got duties here.



CATHY:

This is about the march tomorrow, isn't it? You don't want me to go.

ROBERTS:

No, I don't. You or the child.

CATHY:

But it'll be the most important thing that's ever happened to me.

ROBERTS:

The most important things are here.

CATHY:

It's only one day!

ROBERTS:

I forbid it. Do you hear me, Cathy? You're not going anywhere!

**CROSS TO:**

**5. INT. HURLEY HALL — DOCTOR'S ROOM. DAY.**

FX: KNOCKING ON DOCTOR'S BEDROOM DOOR; HE ANSWERS.

DOCTOR:  
Ah, it's you two. Good.

TEGAN:  
How's your ankle this morning?

DOCTOR:  
Sore.

FX: TEGAN AND NYSSA ENTER ROOM

NYSSA:  
Oh, your room is lovely, too. What a beautiful house this is...

TEGAN:  
Yeah, if you like that sort of thing. I can't stand all those servants hanging around...

NYSSA:  
Do you know when and where we are, Doctor?

DOCTOR:  
Not entirely. I must go back to the TARDIS and check her over at the first opportunity.

NYSSA:  
I hope she's all right.

DOCTOR:  
Tough as old boots. I hope. — Anyway, broadly speaking, we're sometime in the early nineteenth century, somewhere south of Manchester.

TEGAN:  
Come on, you two. Whenever and wherever we are, I'm starving.

NYSSA:  
Someone was bashing a gong before.

DOCTOR:  
Yes. It means, 'Breakfast is served.'

TEGAN:  
More bowing and scraping. Still...

NYSSA:  
Why is it you don't like the servants, Tegan?

TEGAN:

I didn't say I didn't like them. I just don't like to see people treated like slaves.

NYSSA:

They seemed happy enough in their work.

TEGAN:

They've got no choice!

DOCTOR:

Not the way the world is run at this point in time, no.

TEGAN:

(LAUGHING) You can talk – you're a posho, too!

DOCTOR:

I am not a 'posho'.

TEGAN:

Course you are, you're a Time Lord. Nyssa's told me all about Gallifrey, don't you worry...

DOCTOR:

Nonetheless, we're not here to change the world. We'll have a nice breakfast, then it's back to the TARDIS.

TEGAN:

We could carry you down on a litter, if you like?

DOCTOR:

Ssh.

**CROSS TO:**

**6. INT. HURLEY HALL — DINING ROOM. DAY.**

FX: FADE UP GENTEEL CLATTER AND TINKLE OF BREAKFAST DISHES.  
DOCTOR, TEGAN & NYSSA ENTER.

HURLEY:  
(GRANDLY) Ah, the good Doctor and his friends. Our esteemed guests!

DOCTOR:  
Good morning, sir.

HURLEY:  
Hurley, please. We don't stand on ceremony here. Actually, we do, my wife rather likes it. Come and sit, come and sit...

FX: SCRAPING OF CHAIRS, AS THEY SIT.

TEGAN:  
I'm ravenous.

NYSSA:  
This all looks wonderful...

HURLEY:  
That idle son of mine will be down soon. He seems to need more sleep than anyone else.

NYSSA:  
William? He seemed very nice.

HURLEY:  
He's had everything on a plate, that boy. Just handed to him, like I never had.

DOCTOR:  
You're a self-made man, I take it?

HURLEY:  
Give me a man who's worked his way up in the world. Who knows how things tick. That's what the country needs. A man who knows all the nuts and bolts.

TEGAN:  
You've done all right for yourself, yeah.

HURLEY:  
You're a very outspoken young miss.

DOCTOR:  
She's from abroad. Raised in the bush.

TEGAN:

Just hang on a moment...

HURLEY:

Colonies, eh? Explains a lot. And your other niece, hm, Doctor? She looks like she could be an exotic princess of some kind.

NYSSA:

I'm not actually a princess, but I am from somewhere more exotic than Cheadle Hulme.

FX: WILLIAM ENTERS IN A HURRY.

WILLIAM:

Good morning, father. And... er, everyone else.

HURLEY:

Stirred yourself, have you?

WILLIAM:

I've been out with Dodson and the others, as it happens. We've been surveying the... ah, damage.

HURLEY:

Have you, by gad? And what did you find?

WILLIAM:

Just a few lopped branches, really. It sounded worse that it is.

TEGAN:

Well, hurrah for the trees.

WILLIAM:

And our, um, guests are speaking the truth.

HURLEY:

In what sense, sir?

WILLIAM:

There is, in fact, a blue box amongst the oaks. Lying on its side and utterly impregnable.

NYSSA:

The Doctor's TARDIS, yes.

WILLIAM:

(TO DOCTOR) A ship. You called it your ship, sir.

DOCTOR:

Yes. I did, didn't I? Well, I can't really explain too much about it...

HURLEY:

It's an invention, isn't it? It's something very clever. Very new.

TEGAN:

How would you know that?

HURLEY:

My dear, I am an engineer. An industrialist. I can smell something new when it drops in my lap. Something valuable.

WILLIAM:

I'm not sure it looks valuable exactly...

HURLEY:

You must show it to us, Doctor. This 'ship' you arrived in. William – fetch men and tackle, so we can right the Doctor's vessel.

WILLIAM:

Very good, father. (EXITS)

DOCTOR:

I don't think that's a good idea.

HURLEY:

Do you not, sir? Well, I think it is. I'll have you know, I'm a magistrate. My word is law round here, as it happens.

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS would be of no interest to you.

HURLEY:

You've accepted my hospitality in return for honest answers. So: we'll finish our breakfast; then we'll go and have a gander at this box of yours, hm?

**FADE.**

**7: EXT. HURLEY HALL — DRIVEWAY. DAY.**

FX: FADE UP. CATHY HURRYING OVER GRAVEL TOWARDS HOUSE; SPOTS WILLIAM.

CATHY:  
William! Am I in trouble? I'm late...

WILLIAM:  
Calm yourself, Cathy. Why are you so worked up?

CATHY:  
It's my dad. He had a right go at me about getting home so late last night.

WILLIAM:  
He doesn't like you working here, does he?

CATHY:  
He doesn't like anything I do.

WILLIAM:  
I don't suppose he's going to be very pleased about this famous march of yours tomorrow...

CATHY:  
You don't take it serious either. I should never have told you about it.

WILLIAM:  
I do take it seriously. I think you shouldn't get involved.

CATHY:  
I must. It's about people's livelihoods and about you lot... you tycoons and landowners and... and you just laugh about it...

WILLIAM:  
I'm not laughing about your cause! I'm sure it's all very laudable and important. It's just you! My little pal. Cathy Roberts the kitchen maid.

CATHY:  
Those days are gone, Master William. We live in different worlds. Life is more serious now.

WILLIAM:  
Perhaps so. But what about those strangers though, eh? They seem rather colourful and out of the ordinary...!

CATHY:  
You just like the look of the girls. — Look, I'd best get inside. Cook will have my guts for garters...

WILLIAM:  
(IMPULSIVE) Cathy...

CATHY:  
What is it?

WILLIAM:  
I'm glad you're back with us at Hurley Hall. When you went away last year... down south to your cousin's... I thought we'd lost you forever.

CATHY:  
I belong here. I'm not going any time soon.

**CUT TO:**



**8. EXT. GROUNDS — NEAR THE TARDIS IN THE TREES. DAY.**

FX: FADE UP SERVANTS HAULING BROKEN BRANCHES, TRYING TO FREE TARDIS.

HURLEY:

That's it, you men... Careful, now! Don't damage the precious box any further!

DOCTOR:

This is very kind of you.

HURLEY:

It's most exciting, Doctor. This flying machine you claim to have piloted into my garden... it's nothing more than a miracle! Whoever imagined such a thing?

DOCTOR:

Well, it isn't really a flying machine, you see..

CROSS TO — TEGAN AND NYSSA STANDING TO ONE SIDE:

TEGAN:

I presume we're going to run for it at some point...?

NYSSA:

That depends what damage the TARDIS has suffered.

TEGAN:

So, we might be stuck here a while?

NYSSA:

At least it seems a civilized sort of era.

TEGAN:

You think?

DOCTOR:

(OFF) Ah! I think I can get through now..

HURLEY:

(OFF) Stand aside, men...

TEGAN:

Doctor? Do you need us?

FX: OFF, CLATTERING TARDIS DOOR.

DOCTOR:

(OFF, COUGHING ON SMOKE FROM INSIDE TARDIS) Ah...!

TEGAN:

Did you see that? There's smoke coming out of the door!

HURLEY:

(OFF, CALLING TO DOCTOR) Shall I instruct my men to fetch buckets?

DOCTOR:

(OFF, CALLING BACK) No, there's no fire... but there seems to be quite a lot of damage...

FX: OFF, TARDIS DOOR SHUTS.

TEGAN:

Rabbits. We're going to get stuck here, and I'll end up becoming my own great-great-grandmother, won't I?

NYSSA:

The chances of that happening are remarkably slim.

HURLEY:

(OFF, CALLING TO DOCTOR) Don't lock yourself away in your strange box, Doctor...!

NYSSA:

I don't like that man much.

TEGAN:

He seems a bit of a bully. But his son's all right.

NYSSA:

(ARCH) Do you think so, Tegan?

CROSS BACK TO:

FX: TARDIS DOORS OPENS, AND A COUGHING DOCTOR RE-EMERGES.

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS' automated repairs will take a day or two. We just have to wait.

HURLEY:

So you can't do a demonstration for us?

DOCTOR:

Not today, I'm afraid.

HURLEY:

What a disappointment! – Come on, everyone. Back to work. No more gawping.

FX: SERVANTS SHUFFLING BACK TO HALL. DOCTOR WALKS OVER TO NYSSA & TEGAN.

NYSSA:

Doctor? How long do you think we'll be stuck here?

DOCTOR:

Not long. I made it look a bit more dramatic than it really is. I don't want Mr Hurley demanding to see inside the TARDIS..

TEGAN:

Good idea.

DOCTOR:

What I really wanted to do was find out when and where exactly we are in time.

NYSSA:

And?

DOCTOR:

According to the instruments we're in August eighteen-sixteen. Four miles south of the centre of Manchester. Something was niggling at me, you see... something I was trying to remember..

TEGAN:

Hang on. The master of the house is coming over..

HURLEY:

(ARRIVING) That was most diverting! The Doctor and his magic box! Perhaps later you could have a go at sawing your two ladies in half, eh? Hahaha!

DOCTOR:

Quite!

TEGAN:

Hilarious.

NYSSA:

Why would he want to saw us in half?

HURLEY:

Listen, I've had a thought. Why don't I give you a tour, Doctor? A man of learning like you. You'd be very interested!

DOCTOR:

Of your house?

HURLEY:

House? It's just a house. Nothing interesting about that. No, man. My pride and joy! My factory!

DOCTOR:  
Oh! Well, yes, that would be splendid.

HURLEY:  
It's just a short ride into town...

DOCTOR:  
This will be most interesting, I'm sure.

TEGAN:  
Yeah, riveting.

DOCTOR:  
(QUIETLY, TO COMPANIONS) Nyssa, stay here, would you? The TARDIS will repair herself mostly, but she may require your help...

NYSSA:  
Of course, Doctor.

TEGAN:  
I wish we could just leave.

DOCTOR:  
I'm very interested in this factory of his. Aren't you, Tegan?  
This is your history, after all!

**CUT TO:**

**9: INT. HURLEY'S FACTORY — FLOOR**

FX: VAST, THUNDERING NOISE OF MACHINES IN THE MILL. SPINNING, POUNDING, THRESHING. GIGANTIC LOOMS AT WORK.

NB: VOICES PITCHED SLIGHTLY UP OVER NOISE.

HURLEY:

What do you have to say about this, then?

DOCTOR:

It's certainly very impressive.

HURLEY:

There's nothing like it in the whole of the North West. Nay, in the whole country, Doctor.

TEGAN:

These machines... they're huge!

DOCTOR:

Beautiful, aren't they?

TEGAN:

Monstrous, more like. How do people manage to work here and stay sane?

HURLEY:

Money in their pockets, in't it? I support half the families in south Manchester by providing them with work here.

DOCTOR:

It's all quite an achievement.

TEGAN:

So, you're spinning yarn from cotton...

HURLEY:

That's right, Miss Jovanka.

DOCTOR:

Brought up the ship canal from Liverpool, and before that, from America.

TEGAN:

So it's the slave trade.

HURLEY:

Beg pardon?

TEGAN:

Cotton picked by slaves in America, brought here to be spun by people on slave wages in Manchester...

DOCTOR:

Broadly true.

HURLEY:

My people aren't slaves!

TEGAN:

You sure about that? Look at them. They look – [ill...]  
(REALISATION) Wait, those are children over there!

DOCTOR:

Yes. – Mr Hurley, I must say, the conditions here in your mill aren't exactly the best. Rather worse than I'd hoped, [in fact]

FX: A CRACKING NOISE, AND SOME FEMALE SCREAMS.

WORKERS:

(OFF) Watch out there!/Oh, look! Have a care...!

HURLEY:

What's that, sir? – Hang on... there's something going off on the factory floor. Some fuss about nothing, as per usual.

WORKERS:

(OFF) Someone help him!/Get him out of there!

TEGAN:

There's someone caught up in the workings!

HURLEY:

(SHOUTING) What's going on down there?

DOCTOR:

I can't see from here. (CALLING) Someone stop the engines!

HURLEY:

NO! The machines can't stop!

DOCTOR:

Hurley, listen! There's someone injured down there!

TEGAN:

It's a child!

HURLEY:

Of course it is – only the kiddies are small enough to get underneath the machines, to pick up the waste and the chaff.

DOCTOR:

He's trapped. He's been injured. Take my coat, Tegan.

TEGAN:

What are you doing?

HURLEY:

Keep away from there. There's nothing to see.

DOCTOR:

I'm going underneath. I'm going to save him.

HURLEY:

Doctor!!!

FX: FADE UP THUNDERING OF LOOMS.

**CROSS TO:**

**10: INT. HURLEY HALL – HALLWAY**

FX: TICKING OF CLOCK. CATHY PASSES NYSSA.

CATHY:  
(STOPPING NYSSA) Miss Nyssa, isn't it?

NYSSA:  
That's right.

CATHY:  
I thought you'd gone into town with the others.

NYSSA:  
No, I was just going to check on the TARDIS—

CATHY:  
Oh, your blue box, of course.

NYSSA:  
I saw you out in the garden last night, didn't I?

CATHY:  
That's right, Miss. I was the first one out when your party...  
arrived.

NYSSA:  
It wasn't a conventional materialisation. It must have come as  
something of a shock.

CATHY:  
The words you lot use! I don't understand some of them at all.

NYSSA:  
Oh!

CATHY:  
Never mind, I mustn't keep you. I should get on with tidying  
the drawing [room.]

FX: DRAWING ROOM DOOR CREAKING OPEN, OFF.

MRS HURLEY:  
(FROM OFF) Cathy!

CATHY:  
Now I'm for it.

MRS HURLEY:  
(WALKING FORWARD) Cathy, you mustn't bother our guests. You  
have been warned before about talking to your betters.



CATHY:

Yes... Mrs Hurley.

MRS HURLEY:

(TO NYSSA) Good morning, my dear. I gather you are one of our impromptu visitors? I'm sorry I was too wretched to get up from my sick bed in the middle of the night in order to greet you...

NYSSA:

Yes, I'm Nyssa. You must be Lady Hurley.

MRS HURLEY:

Oh, merely Mrs. I'm not a Lady. Not yet.

CATHY:

Mrs Hurley means that her husband hasn't been knighted yet, for his services to industry, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

Oh, I see! (SHE DOESN'T)

MRS HURLEY:

Cathy, you are impertinent.

CATHY:

Yes, Mrs Hurley.

**CROSS TO:**

**11: INT. FACTORY OFFICE. DAY.**

FX: OFF – NOISY MACHINERY, QUIETER NOW. FUSS AND CHATTER FROM SPECTATING WORKERS.

HURLEY:

(CALLING, FROM DOORWAY) Back to your duties, all of you! There's nothing to gawp at over there! – Here, Doctor, let them clear up the mess!

FX: AS DOCTOR RETURNS:

TEGAN:

Doctor?

DOCTOR:

(FX: CLOSING DOOR BEHIND HIM) The boy's clear of the mechanism now. His lacerations seem superficial, but he's very badly bruised.

TEGAN:

Shouldn't we get him to hospital?

HURLEY:

Hospital, by hang! He doesn't need an expensive hospital.

FX: DOOR CLASHES, WILLIAM DASHES IN.

WILLIAM:

I've just heard... I was in the depot. What's gone on?

HURLEY:

Our Doctor friend here's been a bit of a hero.

TEGAN:

He saved that child's life!

WILLIAM:

Which child?

DOCTOR:

He's still down there on the factory floor. I must get back to him. I'll need bandages, and, uh, surgical spirit?

FX: KNOCKING AT DOOR, TIMID.

HURLEY:

William, answer that.

WILLIAM:

Yes, Father.

FX: OFF – WILLIAM OPENING DOOR.

WORKERS AT DOOR:

(OFF) We've come for 'im./We mun't take him home, to his people.

OVER THIS:

TEGAN:

The boy's alive, that's the important thing. Maybe that's the reason we came here, Doctor? So you could save him. For all we know, he'll grow up to be someone important...

HURLEY:

I shouldn't think so, my dear. He's just a factory hand. A raggy urchin.

WILLIAM:

(RETURNING) Father, the boy's people are here. To take him home.

HURLEY:

Let them have him! We don't want any fuss. (TO WORKERS) Go on, then. I've had him looked at by an expert here – this Doctor! Take the boy home! Only get a shift on! I can't have sickly kids lying about all over the place, taking up space. We've all got to get back to work! Chop chop!

FX: WORKERS HURRY AWAY.

TEGAN:

I don't believe this. – Mister Hurley!

WILLIAM:

Tegan, don't aggravate my father. You'll make it worse...

TEGAN:

Make what worse?

DOCTOR:

Hurley, the boy's condition needs stabilising before he goes home. I've not yet cleaned his wounds properly.

HURLEY:

Doctor, you've done more than enough.

TEGAN:

(ACCUSINGLY) They're not even people to you, are they?

HURLEY:

What?!

TEGAN:

The Doctor's trying to help that boy and all you're concerned about is getting the machines going again!

DOCTOR:

Tegan, this isn't helping.

TEGAN:

I'll show you helping. I'm going after those people right now, to see that the boy gets home OK.

WILLIAM:

You can't go off with that lot! Alone, I mean...

TEGAN:

I don't need a bodyguard.

WILLIAM:

You're new to this city. I insist.

TEGAN:

(SIGH) Come on, then.

FX: AS TEGAN AND WILLIAM EXIT:

DOCTOR:

I'll see you later, back at the Hall. (FX: DOOR CLASHES) Now, Mr Hurley – we need to talk about this factory of yours.

**CROSS TO:**

**12. INT. HURLEY HALL – DRAWING ROOM**

FX: NYSSA AND MRS HURLEY SIT.

MRS HURLEY:  
Sit with me, Miss Nyssa.

NYSSA:  
Thank you.

CATHY:  
(AT DOOR) May I go, Mrs Hurley?

MRS HURLEY:  
Yes, yes, be off with you.

CATHY:  
Very good, madam. (TURNS)

MRS HURLEY:  
Wait! Before you go – tell me, how is that small brother of yours? How is Peter?

CATHY:  
Oh, he's thriving. An absolute devil. He's so clever... and bonny.

MRS HURLEY:  
You and your father are extremely lucky, my dear. To have new life around you. New possibilities. How wonderful to have a child to treasure like that...

NYSSA:  
Who is this baby she's talking about, Cathy?

CATHY:  
My brother, Miss. He's our miracle baby.

MRS HURLEY:  
Perhaps... one day you might bring him up to the Hall?

CATHY:  
(SURPRISED) Yes, Mrs Hurley, if it can be arranged...

MRS HURLEY:  
It's been a long time since this place had any new life or laughter within its walls. I would be most grateful, Cathy.

CATHY:  
I'll talk to my dad. He's not best pleased with me just now, though.

MRS HURLEY:

He is a good father. He has stuck by you.

CATHY:

He has forbidden me from going on tomorrow's march.

MRS HURLEY:

This march! I wish they'd call it off.

NYSSA:

What kind of march is it to be?

CATHY:

It's our chance. The working people. We're all getting together and marching into Manchester. There'll be speeches and banners and music... It'll be like one big jamboree!

MRS HURLEY:

I agree with your father. I don't think you should go.

CATHY:

You forget, madam, what it's like to be a working person and to feel like we do. You've been married so long to a rich man.

MRS HURLEY:

(OUTRAGED) Catherine Roberts!

CATHY:

It's true, though - that you were one of us once, Mrs Hurley? You lived in the same village, did the same work. Ordinary, like the rest of us.

MRS HURLEY:

I don't need lecturing by you - a servant girl!

CATHY:

I didn't mean anything bad by it!

NYSSA:

(AWKWARD) Perhaps I should go.

MRS HURLEY:

You stay where you are, Miss Nyssa! Being told where I belong... by you, Cathy! By a girl who's no better than she ought to be! Get out, girl! Out of my sight...!

CATHY:

I - yes, Mrs Hurley. (EXITS)

MRS HURLEY:

(CALLING AFTER) Don't bother bringing that brat of yours here! Don't you ever bother coming back here, for that matter!

NYSSA:

Please, Mrs Hurley, don't be rash. I'm quite sure Cathy didn't mean any offence.

MRS HURLEY:

Oh, so you presume to lecture me also?

NYSSA:

No, that's not it at all –

MRS HURLEY:

Then you can get out and all!

NYSSA:

(GETTING UP) I'm very sorry, Mrs Hurley –

MRS HURLEY:

Go on, out! You don't belong in my house either!

FX: NYSSA HURRIES OUT AFTER CATHY.

**CROSS TO:**

**13: INT. FACTORY OFFICE. DAY.**

FX: DISTANT SOUND OF MACHINES, WORKING AGAIN.

HURLEY:  
There's more to you than meets the eye, Doctor.

DOCTOR:  
It's been said before.

HURLEY:  
I think I need to keep you close. You're a very intriguing individual. Clever. Brave.

DOCTOR:  
You flatter me.

HURLEY:  
I think I'd like to pick your brains..

DOCTOR:  
Well, that's handy, Mr Hurley, because I you and I should have a talk, about industrial relations. About changes you ought to make in the future?

HURLEY:  
I am a man of the future. I believe in the coming age. It's eighteen-nineteen, Doctor. Great challenges lie ahead.

DOCTOR:  
Eighteen-sixteen, surely?

HURLEY:  
*-nineteen*, Doctor.

DOCTOR:  
(GRIMLY) Eighteen-nineteen. Are you sure?

HURLEY:  
My son might treat me like an old fool, Doctor, but I think I can be trusted to know what year it is.

DOCTOR: (WORRIED)  
Then the TARDIS was wrong. The pollutants damaged the chronometer after all. I thought it was eighteen-sixteen.

HURLEY:  
What are you talking about, man? How can you doubt which year it is?



DOCTOR:

Eighteen-nineteen. Eighteen-nineteen. – Come on, Doctor. Think! Why does that year fill you with dread? (PACING ABOUT) And the place... the location... Hurley: what month is it?

HURLEY:

It's August. August the fifteenth, eighteen-nineteen!

DOCTOR:

(STOPS DEAD. AGHAST) Then... I've brought my friends into the midst of disaster.

HURLEY:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

It's August the fifteenth, eighteen-nineteen. We're in Manchester.

HURLEY:

So?

DOCTOR:

I've let my friends wander free in the city.

HURLEY:

Miss Nyssa's back at the Hall. Miss Tegan is with my son. No harm can come to either of them, Doctor...

DOCTOR:

You don't understand, Hurley. We're on the eve of the darkest day in this city's history. No-one is safe here! No-one!

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**REPRISE:**

*DOCTOR:*

*It's August the fifteenth, eighteen-nineteen. We're in Manchester.*

*HURLEY:*

*So?*

*DOCTOR:*

*I've let my friends wander free in the city.*

*HURLEY:*

*Miss Nyssa's back at the Hall. Miss Tegan is with my son. No harm can come to either of them, Doctor...*

*DOCTOR:*

*You don't understand, Hurley. We're on the eve of the darkest day in this city's history. No-one is safe here! No-one!*

**CROSS TO:**

**14. MANCHESTER CITY SLUMS – DAY**

FX: FOOTSTEPS AND FEET ON COBBLES

TEGAN:

I thought I'd been in some grim places before, but this is terrible.

WILLIAM:

These are the slums. It's what they're like the world over.

TEGAN:

We're completely lost, aren't we? I wanted to see that the boy was all right...

WILLIAM:

They're like rabbits in a warren. They vanish into holes and scurry away.

TEGAN:

They're not animals, William!

WILLIAM:

I wasn't meaning to suggest (that)...

TEGAN:

But that's your attitude, isn't it? You and your dad and your type. The people who live in conditions like this, they're just sub-human to you.

WILLIAM:

I don't know what you mean...

TEGAN:

You can't see it, can you? Look at how they have to live, William. Just look at it.

WILLIAM:

Some of them pull themselves up by their bootstraps and do well for themselves.

TEGAN:

Easy for you to see, given how you and your family live – compared to this.

WILLIAM:

My father came from a poor background. And he did well for himself.

TEGAN:

So? What does that prove?

WILLIAM:

Confound it, woman, are you always this argumentative?

TEGAN:

Yes!

WILLIAM:

Look, the point is – if my father can rise to the top, then anyone can.

TEGAN:

No, they can't. And anyway, does that justify people living like this?

WILLIAM:

I don't know. (UNEASY, LOWERS VOICE) I just know I don't like the looks we're getting here. They're watching us from every corner.

TEGAN:

I know. (SIGHS) All I wanted to do was for us to see that boy, to see his people, his parents. And to tell them he'll be all right... and for you to say sorry...

WILLIAM:

Well, we've lost them. And we were foolish to wander into the heart of the stews. We're vulnerable here.

TEGAN:

Maybe you're right. But I'm glad we came. Now I've seen how people live here. What life is really like.

WILLIAM:

Yes, well done. You've spent five minutes looking and being appalled.

TEGAN:

What?

WILLIAM:

Your compassion is misplaced, Tegan. These people won't thank you for taking pity on them.

TEGAN:

Look here, you [jumped-up—]

WILLIAM:

Look, shall we go somewhere more convivial? My barracks in Mount Street aren't far.

TEGAN:

Your *barracks*? You never said you were a soldier!

WILLIAM:

You don't know anything about me, and yet you saw fit to judge.

**CROSS TO:**

**15. INT. CATHY'S FATHER'S HOUSE. DAY.**

FX: HENS CLUCKING OUTSIDE; DOOR OPENS.

CATHY:  
Father? Are you here?

NYSSA:  
Is this where you live, Cathy?

CATHY:  
If I'd had my own way, I'd have moved away years ago. I don't want to spend my whole life in Cheadle Hulme.

FX: BABY CRIES

CATHY:  
(WALKING OVER TO COT) Peter! He left you here alone.

NYSSA:  
(FOLLOWING) Oh, he's beautiful.

CATHY:  
Peter, meet Nyssa.

NYSSA:  
Hello, Peter.

CATHY:  
Hold him, if you like?

NYSSA:  
Oh, I'm not very good with (babies).

CATHY:  
Rubbish! (HANDS HER THE BABY) There. You're a natural.

NYSSA:  
He's your... brother, you say? You must have lost your mother quite recently.

CATHY:  
It was horrible. A horrible illness. Dad will never recover from her loss. I can see it all over his face.

NYSSA:  
What was Mrs Hurley getting upset about, back at the Hall?

CATHY:  
She's doo-lally. Well, we don't want to see her anyway, do we, Peter? You can do without that mad old woman in your life. The Hurleys don't have anything that we need.

NYSSA:

Their financial assistance would be useful, though. And what about your job?

CATHY:

I'll find something else. I can do anything.

NYSSA:

You're very confident.

CATHY:

We have to be, don't we? Otherwise it's easy to go under and give up hope.

NYSSA:

I suppose I was given everything... what was it Mr Hurley said about his son, William? He was given everything on a plate. I suppose I'm that privileged, too.

CATHY:

Well, in your case it hasn't spoiled your character and made you weak and foolish.

NYSSA:

Don't you like William?

CATHY:

I did, once. We grew up together. Mum worked in the kitchens at the Hall. She took me to work, and I saw Will everyday. We used to play out in the grounds. He used to make me laugh.

NYSSA:

And now?

CATHY:

He's the enemy. He's one of the enemy. (BRIGHTLY) Come on, Nyssa. You can help me. I've a lot to do before tomorrow. There's banners to help make, and placards to paint.

NYSSA:

Banners for your famous march?

CATHY:

It'll be like nothing this city has ever seen before. Thousands of people are going to gather in St Peter's Square in the centre of Manchester. And I'm going to speak! I've been asked to give a speech! I can hardly believe it. – Oh, Nyssa, will you come with us? It'll be grand.

NYSSA:

Well, I'm not sure...

CATHY:

But you must! It's a once in a lifetime thing! You have to come along!

**CROSS TO:**

**16. EXT. BARRACKS – STABLES, MOUNT ST. DAY.**

FX: BUSTLING BARRACKS NOISE OF SOLDIERS GOING TO AND FRO;  
WHICKERING OF HORSES; CLIPPED HEELS.

TEGAN:

What kind of soldier are you, William? You never said anything about all of this...

WILLIAM:

I've got hidden depths, eh? There's more to me than meets the eye. I'm a Captain!

TEGAN:

But how? You work in your father's factory, don't you?

WILLIAM:

You don't understand much, do you? How do you think the city is protected, eh? How do you think honest, law-abiding citizens get to go about their business in peace?

TEGAN:

The police?

WILLIAM:

The Doctor's magic box said something about 'police' on the front. I supposed you were from London, or Glasgow or somewhere. No, we don't have that here.

TEGAN:

You've got your own private militia.

WILLIAM:

Exactly! Paid for by the great and the good, by the likes of my father. By the fathers of the city, in fact, who all know how best this place should be run.

TEGAN:

But that can't be right!

WILLIAM:

Why not? – Come and see the horses, they're magnificent...

FX: FOOTSTEPS ON COBBLES AS HE LEADS HER TOWARDS STABLES

TEGAN:

So what do you do...? Just dress up in your finery and trot around on your horses? How can you hope to keep the peace and defend people?



WILLIAM:

We carry swords! – Ceremonial swords, really. But we train with them, and in a fight I'm sure we could acquit ourselves pretty well...

TEGAN:

I don't know about all this, William. It seems like rich boys dressing up and playing at justice...

WILLIAM:

Does it, now?

TEGAN:

I keep spouting off, don't I?

WILLIAM:

You do a bit, Miss Tegan.

TEGAN:

I'm just trying to understand how things work here.

WILLIAM:

Wait here with the horses. The diamond one is Jack. He's mine. Stay with Jack, while I report to my commanding officer. I need to find out what my orders are for tomorrow.

TEGAN:

Tomorrow?

WILLIAM:

(WALKING OFF) It's going to be a big day for us...!

**CROSS TO:**

**17. INT. HURLEY HALL. DAY.**

FX: TICKING CLOCK. HURLEY & DOCTOR HURRY THROUGH INTO HALL.

HURLEY:

Here we are again, Doctor. Home sweet home.

MRS HURLEY:

(APPROACHING FROM OFF) Hadn't you best introduce me to your guest...?

HURLEY:

Ah! There you are, my dear. You're out of bed.

MRS HURLEY:

I suppose you'd prefer me to languish forever in my room?

HURLEY:

But your nerves, my dear.

MRS HURLEY:

My nerves are shattered anyhow.

DOCTOR:

Mrs Hurley, I'm the Doctor. One of the visitors who arrived so unexpectedly last night.

MRS HURLEY:

Oh, yes, indeed. I haven't yet recovered from all that brouhaha.

HURLEY:

My dear, the Doctor's arrival is fortuitous. He is a brilliant man, and is developing some wonderful ideas about improving productivity at the mill.

MRS HURLEY:

Oh, you and that mill and your stupid business rivals. All of you competing and dashing around..

HURLEY:

If I didn't compete, my dear, we wouldn't have the lives we have, and this house and all the luxuries you enjoy.

MRS HURLEY:

Enjoy? I don't enjoy anything anymore. — You, Doctor. I met one of your friends. Nyssa, was it? Funny name.

DOCTOR:

Yes, indeed. Is she here?

HURLEY:

The Doctor is concerned for the whereabouts of his companions.

DOCTOR:

(LETTING WORRY SHOW) They do tend to drift off when I'm not paying attention and it is rather imperative that I get them together.

MRS HURLEY:

She's gone now.

DOCTOR:

Gone where?

MRS HURLEY:

I presume she went after that maid, once I'd dismissed her. That Cathy Roberts.

HURLEY:

You dismissed Cathy?

MRS HURLEY:

You know how that girl can forget herself. Well, enough is enough. I will not be spoken to so insolently [in my own home]

HURLEY:

But of all the staff, you're fondest of Cathy. And surely she needs every penny, too, with that child and all..

DOCTOR:

I'll have to go after them.

HURLEY:

Surely there's no hurry, Doctor? I can send one of my men to fetch her, if you like. I'd rather you stayed and talked to me about your ideas.

DOCTOR:

I think I'd rather go myself. Where does Cathy live?

**CROSS TO:**

**18: INT. CATHY'S FATHER'S HOUSE. DAY.**

FX: CRACKLING FIRE, HAPPILY MURMURING CHILD, CHICKENS AT DOOR.

NYSSA:

But what I understood was that, in this day and age... in this country... women weren't listened to with the same respect as men?

CATHY:

That's true enough. Isn't it the same where you come from?

NYSSA:

It's so long since I was home. I can hardly remember what it was like. But it wasn't like this.

CATHY:

Things are changing here. I'm going to stand up in front of that crowd tomorrow, and I'm going to talk about things just the same as any of those men. About injustice and poverty and everything!

NYSSA:

Won't you be nervous?

CATHY:

I can't afford to be nervous about it! Someone's got to tell them, haven't they? Someone's got to stand up and tell the truth.

NYSSA:

How many people are going?

CATHY:

They say there'll be thousands pouring into Manchester tomorrow. From Oldham, Preston, all over Lancashire. From all over the county, north and south. And probably from further afield as well. I don't care what my father says. I'm going. And so is Peter.

NYSSA:

You're very brave.

CATHY:

It'll be a piece of history. People will remember this. They're starving, Nyssa. And they're bullied and pushed around by those few who've got a bit of money behind them. It's not right.

NYSSA:

I think I will come with you. To the march. If that's all right.

CATHY:

That's wonderful! I knew you would. You already feel like a good friend, Nyssa. Plus, you can help with the baby.

NYSSA:

Have you written your speech?

CATHY:

Everything I need to say, it's already in my head. I know what's important. When I get up on a platform, it's funny, but I always know just what to say. It comes easy to me. And folk listen, too. They always listen.

NYSSA:

Tegan will want to hear you. The Doctor will too, I'm sure.

CATHY:

Then you should tell them. Like I say, Nyssa, I reckon tomorrow's going to be a day no one's ever going to forget. – I can't let my father stop me. We need to leave now, before he gets home from work. Help me with the baby's things...

**CROSS TO:**

**19: EXT. MOUNT ST BARRACKS. DAY.**

FX: WHICKERING OF HORSES; MARCHING FOOTSTEPS ABRUPTLY HALTING IN FRONT OF TEGAN.

WALTON:

You. What are you doing here? We don't allow females in here.

TEGAN:

I'm waiting for my friend. William Hurley?

WALTON:

I doubt Lieutenant Hurley would have left a strange female unaccompanied in the barracks.

TEGAN:

He's with his superior officer, or something. Getting his orders for tomorrow?

WALTON:

Ma'am, I'm afraid I don't believe you.

TEGAN:

There's nothing I can do about that. He told me to wait here with the horses and – (SHE'S GRABBED) – hey! Get your hands off me!

WALTON:

(GRIPPING TEGAN) I'm afraid I'm going to have to remove you from the barracks.

TEGAN:

Get – off!!!

FX: A STRUGGLE BETWEEN THEM

WALTON:

What kind of accent is that? – You're a saboteur, aren't you?

TEGAN:

You're crazy. Let me go...!

WALTON:

You've been caught skulking around in the stables. Who knows? You might have been harming the horses...

TEGAN:

Why would I do any such thing?

WALTON:

Trying to hamstring the horses. Yes, we were warned about this.

TEGAN:

I love horses, I grew up with them. I wouldn't do anything of the sort!

WALTON:

You radicals won't stop at anything. Luckily, I'm within my powers to put you away.

TEGAN:

What? Where?

WALTON:

It might teach you a lesson.

FX: WILLIAM RUSHING INTO STABLES, ALARMED BY THE SCENE

WILLIAM:

What the devil's going on? – Tegan? What have you done?

TEGAN:

What have *I* done? Tell this idiot to get his hands off me!

WILLIAM:

That 'idiot' is a Captain in the cavalry!

WALTON:

I caught this woman skulking round the stables, Lieutenant. Obviously up to no good.

TEGAN:

I wasn't skulking! I was waiting for *him*!

WALTON:

She had the effrontery to suggest that she was here as your guest.

WILLIAM:

Well, as a matter of fact –

WALTON:

I'm not sure what would be thought of your sneaking strangely-attired, roughly-spoken females into the barracks.

TEGAN:

Roughly-spoken?! – You haven't heard the half of it!

WALTON:

I'm locking her up overnight. We can't take the chance.

TEGAN:

What?! – William, tell him!

WALTON:

Whoever she is, she's not the sort of woman you ought to be fraternising with, Lieutenant. Whatever would your father say?

WILLIAM:

Tegan, I'm sorry, but...

FX: TEGAN BEING DRAGGED AWAY.

TEGAN:

William...!!!

**CROSS TO:**



**20. INT. CATHY'S FATHER'S HOUSE. EVENING**

FX: KNOCK AT DOOR. ROBERTS ANSWERS

ROBERTS:

What is it you want? Who are you?

DOCTOR:

Are you Cathy's father? Mister... Roberts?

ROBERTS:

Might be.

DOCTOR:

I'm here looking for my friend Nyssa. She was last seen with your daughter.

ROBERTS:

There's no-one here now. You can see for yourself.

DOCTOR:

But they were here?

ROBERTS:

I know you. I saw you up at the factory on Oxford Road. You were there with the bosses!

DOCTOR:

That's right. I'm the Doctor.

ROBERTS:

It was you saved the boy. Risked your life.

DOCTOR:

Oh, it wasn't as dramatic as all that...

ROBERTS:

Way I heard it, it was. Step inside for a moment, if you must.

DOCTOR:

(STEPS IN) Thank you. Hurley's factory is not a very safe place. I'm going to do what I can to get him to improve conditions.

ROBERTS:

That'll do no good. He'll listen to your ideas, but if any of them cost money, you can forget it. He's all about the profits. They all are. They don't care for the likes of us.

DOCTOR:

Well, he seems to want to hear my ideas. And for all his bluster, I think he was genuinely concerned about the injured boy.

ROBERTS:

Was he really? (CYNICALLY:) Enough to not dock his wages?

DOCTOR:

I don't know. Would Hurley do such a thing?

ROBERTS:

Like he wouldn't! But it's the way of the world. We can't all be bosses and owners and Doctors.

DOCTOR:

I suppose not. — Look, this is very important. Do you know where your daughter might have gone? And Nyssa?

ROBERTS:

I dunno anything about your Nyssa. But I know what Cathy's done, against my express wishes. She's taken the babby as well.

DOCTOR:

Where, man? Where's she gone?

ROBERTS:

There's an encampment. Down on the green. They're getting ready for tomorrow. Like any of it could ever make a difference..

**CROSS TO:**

**21: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN, EARLY EVENING**

FX: TENT PEGS BEING HAMMERED INTO THE GROUND, DISTANT CHEERS AND LAUGHTER; DISTANT ACCORDION MUSIC AND CLAPPING.

CATHY:

Isn't it wonderful, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

Is this everyone in the village?

CATHY:

Oh, many more than that. Cheadle's a tiny place. But people are gathering here, as planned. There's room for everyone to pitch their tents.

NYSSA:

Yes, it's like a fairground. Funny, when everyone's gathered to complain. Not that they don't have a lot to complain about.

CATHY:

We'll draw enough attention to ourselves – peacefully, mind – that they can't ignore us anymore.

NYSSA:

The Doctor always thinks he can change the world, too.

CATHY:

Too many people just give in. They think nothing they do will ever count.

NYSSA:

The Doctor's taught me that we always need to try to make things better.

CATHY:

This little one will grow up knowing that it's possible. I'll teach him that, if nothing else.

NYSSA:

Will he be warm enough, though? If we stay out overnight?

CATHY:

It's a warm night. They'll be up for hours, singing and chanting. I want to meet everyone. I want to stay up all night...

NYSSA:

Perhaps you should have left your brother at home.

CATHY:

(SHARPLY) No! He stays with me!

NYSSA:

Oh! I'm... sorry.

CATHY:

No, no, I'm sorry, Nyssa. You've been nice to us. I shouldn't have been so sharp. Come on – I'll introduce you to my local group, and the committee.

NYSSA:

Who?

CATHY:

They're the ones who've put me forward to speak! Radicals, my dad would call them!

**CUT TO:**

**22: EXT. ROADSIDE. LATER THAT EVENING.**

FX: DOCTOR WALKING ALONG ROADSIDE. OPEN-TOPPED CARRIAGE JOGGING ALONG COUNTRY ROAD SLOWS AS IT DRAWS UP BESIDE HIM; HORSES WHINNY.

WILLIAM:

(CALLING FROM CARRIAGE) Doctor! Is that you?

DOCTOR:

(STOPPING) William! Have you seen Nyssa?

WILLIAM:

I've only just returned from town. What are you doing out in the country lanes? Are you going to join this silly jamboree?

DOCTOR:

Nyssa is among the crowd somewhere, but I'm not having much luck finding her. It's essential I do, you see, [because...]

WILLIAM:

Is she joining the march tomorrow?

DOCTOR:

I'm very much afraid she might be.

TYLER:

(BESIDE WILLIAM) Does this mean that you know what this lot have planned for tomorrow, sir?

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, who's this?

WILLIAM:

Ah! Allow me to introduce my travelling companion – Mr Thomas Tyler, an old school friend of mine. Thomas, this is the Doctor – a friend of the family, you might say.

TYLER:

Pleased to meet you, sir.

WILLIAM:

Thomas has come up from London, especially for the march.

DOCTOR:

Not taking part?

TYLER:

I'm a newspaperman, sir. I like to call myself an "investigative reporter".

WILLIAM:

Can you credit it? A London news-sheet, sending a fellow all the way here to witness the proceedings with his own eyes.

TYLER:

It's my job to get a true picture of what occurs.

DOCTOR:

Yes, I know what an investigative reporter does.

TYLER:

It's a new thing. Perfect for me. I like to be in the thick of things.

DOCTOR:

I'm sure. — William, where's Tegan?

WILLIAM:

Ah, that's something I should have told you about straight away.

DOCTOR:

What?

WILLIAM:

Climb aboard and I'll explain on the way back to the Hall. They'll be ringing the gong, and I know Thomas will be ravenous...

FX: CARRIAGE DOOR OPENED.

TYLER:

Absolutely. Climb aboard, Doctor!

FX: DOCTOR STEPS ONTO BOARDING PLATE. CONTINUES INTO:

**23: INT. CARRIAGE [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: KERFUFFLE AS DOCTOR CLAMBERS ABOARD.

DOCTOR:  
Excuse me. (SITS) Thank you.

FX: DOOR SHUT.

WILLIAM:  
Carry on, cabby.

FX: DRIVER FLEXES WHIP, HORSES START.

DOCTOR:  
William, you went with Tegan. What happened?

WILLIAM:  
Tegan and I became completely lost in the slums and... well, we had a bit of an argument about the poor, and then...

DOCTOR:  
Then what?

TYLER:  
Who is this Tegan, eh? Not some floozy you've collected, Will?

WILLIAM:  
After she'd done fighting with me, she picked a fight with a cavalry officer.

DOCTOR:  
Oh no.

WILLIAM:  
Made herself sound like a saboteur. A radical.

DOCTOR:  
Where is she now?

WILLIAM:  
Well, he locked her up in the barracks overnight.

DOCTOR:  
She's a prisoner? And you left her behind?

WILLIAM:  
He put her in custody overnight. Teach her a lesson. That's all.

TYLER:  
Best thing for her. Can't have women running about being insubordinate!

DOCTOR:  
Why didn't you tell me this straight away?!

WILLIAM:  
I'm telling you now. She wasn't at all happy. but she won't come to any harm, I promise you.

DOCTOR:  
I don't think you realise how serious this is!

WILLIAM:  
Tegan will be safe in the barracks, Doctor. It's in the grounds of the Magistrates' house. Probably the safest place in the city.

DOCTOR:  
I want to get her out, right now.

WILLIAM:  
We can't do that tonight, Doctor. It's too late. Tomorrow will be soon enough. She's safe, believe me.

DOCTOR:  
You'd better be right.

WILLIAM:  
You worry too much. (CALLS OFF) Driver! Hurley Hall – make haste!

FX: WHIP; CARRIAGE THUNDERS ALONG. SLOW FADE.



**24: EXT. VILLAGE GREEN. MORNING.**

FX: MUSIC SUGGESTING DAWN NEXT DAY; EARLY MORNING BIRDSONG;  
COOKING POTS, CAMP FIRES.

NYSSA:

(YAWNING) Is it morning already? I'm so tired...!

CATHY:

That's what we get staying up half the night, talking.

PROTESTORS:

(PASS BY, CHATTERING EXCITEDLY) All ready for the off?/ Today's  
the actual day!/After all the waiting! [ETC]

NYSSA:

Everyone's gathering already.

CATHY:

Don't they look splendid, in their Sunday best?

NYSSA:

And the banners and everything... it's so impressive.

CATHY:

The important thing is that it's peaceful. When they've had  
mass protests before, the authorities have tried to say they  
were full of troublemakers. We don't want to give them the  
excuse of thinking that.

NYSSA:

No-one would bring their children if they wanted to cause  
trouble, I suppose.

CATHY:

I wouldn't bring Peter along if I thought that there'd be  
bother.

FX: MASS FOOTSTEPS, SHUFFLING.

CROWD:

(ASSEMBLING, EXCITEDLY)

We're moving!/We're off!/This is it now!/Come on!

CATHY:

Look, they're on the move already! Come on, let's join the  
line...

FX: THEY SCRAMBLE OVER TO THE LINE.

NYSSA:

How far is it from here?

CATHY:

We've a few miles to go – all through the suburbs, up Oxford Road. We should be in the city by mid-day.

NYSSA:

I just wish I'd managed to get a message to the Doctor and Tegan...

CATHY:

I'm sure they'll be there. Everyone's attention will be on St Peter's Field today.

**CROSS TO:**

**25: INT. HURLEY HALL – DINING ROOM. MORNING.**

FX: DOCTOR STRIDES IN THROUGH DOORS.

WILLIAM:

Ah! Morning, Doctor! Big day today!

THOMAS:

A hearty breakfast's what we all need, wouldn't you say?  
(CRUNCHES TOAST)

DOCTOR:

William. Nyssa's room is empty. She didn't come home last night.

WILLIAM:

I'm sure she'll be all right, with Cathy looking after her.

DOCTOR:

William – I need to get into the city as soon as possible.  
Before the march gets there, if I can.

THOMAS:

Hold your horses, Doctor!

DOCTOR:

My friends are – very probably – going to be caught up in the  
events of the day.

THOMAS:

The protestors claim it's going to be a peaceful day. A  
friendly demonstration! Why so worried?

DOCTOR:

This day is going to go badly wrong. There's going to be a  
disaster.

WILLIAM:

What? How do you know this?

DOCTOR:

There's going to be mayhem and death on a grand, unthinkable  
scale. Now, you must get me into the city, gentlemen. At once.

WILLIAM:

We are going there straight after breakfast. We have our  
allotted roles in the day's proceedings. My father's there  
already, he set off for the barracks first thing.

DOCTOR:

The barracks. You said Tegan would be safe in the barracks. Has  
he gone to get her out?

WILLIAM:

I shouldn't think so. He's gone there to report for duty.

DOCTOR:

For duty?

WILLIAM:

But surely you knew? My father and I are part of the yeomanry.

DOCTOR:

(ASTONISHED) You're both soldiers?!

WILLIAM:

In our spare time, yes.

THOMAS:

It is a noble calling. The city of Manchester is safe in the yeomanry's hands.

DOCTOR:

Not today, it's not.

WILLIAM:

We'll be there to keep everyone safe.

DOCTOR:

But you won't. Not today!

THOMAS:

You need to explain yourself better, sir.

DOCTOR:

I'll explain on the way into town. William, we have to get my friends out of there!

**CROSS TO:**

**26: EXT. ROADSIDE, DURING THE MARCH, MORNING.**

FX: THUNDEROUS NOISE OF THE CROWD MOVING THROUGH NARROW STREETS OF THE SOUTH OF THE CITY.

CRIES:

Come and join us!/Universal suffrage for all!/Bread for all!/  
/Decent wages for a decent day's work! [ETC]

CATHY:

The Yeomanry arrested me on Market Street. Last year, sometime. Dragged me off for distributing what they called filthy propaganda to the hoi-polloi.

NYSSA:

What was it, to make them react like that?

CATHY:

It was for women. Advice. Just medical facts about avoiding unwanted pregnancy. Basic things that every woman needs to know about. But we aren't allowed to talk about things like that.

NYSSA:

Whyever not?

CATHY:

They put me in their stinking gaol. They were going to leave me there. But Mr Hurley spoke up for me. He's one of them, you see. The Yeomanry. He and William both. They love dressing up and all. But on that occasion, he did speak up for me, so Peter wouldn't go without his— (CATCHES HERSELF) — his sister.

NYSSA:

I think I've guessed your secret, Cathy.

CATHY:

I don't know what you mean. Come on, we're lagging behind..

NYSSA:

Peter's not your brother. He's yours.

CATHY:

Hush, Nyssa. I'm not supposed to say.

NYSSA:

It's obvious by the way he looks at you. And you at him.

CATHY:

Please, Nyssa! I have to keep my secret, or I could lose him. They could even take him away from me!

**CROSS TO:**

**27: INT. BARRACKS – STABLES. MORNING.**

FX: OFF, CLANGING OF DOORS AS DOCTOR DASHES INTO THE STABLES.

DOCTOR:

(CALLING, OFF) Tegan? Where are you? – Tegan, it's me...!

TEGAN:

What? (LEAPING UP FROM STRAW) Doctor! I'm here, in the cell!  
(AS HE COMES OVER TO TEGAN'S CELL:) Thank goodness you're here.  
They left me locked up in here all night!

DOCTOR:

Yes, I heard you got into a fracas with one of the cavalry.

FX: JANGLING KEYS AS HE TRIES VARIOUS KEYS IN THE LOCK.

DOCTOR:

Shall I let you out...?

TEGAN:

You've got keys?

DOCTOR:

William had keys. It turns out he's a soldier. Him and his father.

TEGAN:

Yes, he said.

DOCTOR:

It's important. They're up to their necks in all this... (DOOR UNLOCKED) There, that's the one.

FX: DOOR CREAKS OPEN.

DOCTOR:

Out you come.

TEGAN:

Up to their necks in what? They're just playing at soldiers.

DOCTOR:

It's more than just playing. It'll lead to disaster.

TEGAN:

How do you know?

DOCTOR:

The TARDIS got the date wrong. It isn't eighteen-sixteen. It's three years later.

TEGAN:

So? Look, can we get out of this prison, it's driving me mad.

FX: FOOTSTEPS HEAD FOR THE EXIT. AS THEY GET CLOSER, WE HEAR HOOVES ON COBBLES, AND SABRES BEING SHARPENED.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa's out there somewhere. In the gathering crowds. I've not been able to find her.

TEGAN:

Doctor, something's wrong. Look – the men are sharpening their sabres. They're supposed to be ornamental.

DOCTOR:

They're preparing for battle.

TEGAN:

Who against? What did you mean about the date, exactly?

DOCTOR:

I'm an idiot. Even with the TARDIS playing up, I should have seen the signs.

TEGAN:

What signs?

DOCTOR:

It's the sixteenth of August, eighteen-nineteen. It's the day of the Peterloo massacre. This city is about to go to war against its own people.

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**REPRISE:**

*TEGAN:*

*Doctor, something's wrong. Look – the men are sharpening their sabres. They're supposed to be ornamental.*

*DOCTOR:*

*They're preparing for battle.*

*TEGAN:*

*Who against? What did you mean about the date, exactly?*

*DOCTOR:*

*I'm an idiot. Even with the TARDIS playing up, I should have seen the signs.*

*TEGAN:*

*What signs?*

*DOCTOR:*

*It's the sixteenth of August, eighteen-nineteen. It's the day of the Peterloo massacre. This city is about to go to war against its own people.*

**CROSS TO:**

**28: INT. STAR TAVERN. DAY.**

FX: ROWDY SOLDIERS; GLASSES THUNKING DOWN, TOASTS BEING MADE.

SOLDIERS:

To the hussars!/To us, gentlemen!/Let us pray for good sport today!

WILLIAM:

Father, what are you doing here?

HURLEY:

Ah, there you are, my boy...

WILLIAM:

Have you been drinking, before mid-day?!

HURLEY:

Calm yourself, William. We always start off at the Tavern.



WALTON:

(LEANING IN) Your lad's looking a bit jumpy there, Hurley. Wet behind the ears. Hasn't even broken his boots in.

WILLIAM:

Father, I must talk with you. It's about the Doctor –

HURLEY:

You need to get a drink down you, boy. Steady your nerves.  
(CALLING) Porter for my lad, landlord!

WILLIAM:

I'm not drinking with you. We've got to get out there!

WALTON:

Still – he's keen to see action. Reminds me how I was. How we all were. At Waterloo. (MOVES AWAY) I'll see you both on the field!

HURLEY:

(AS HE LEAVES) The yeomanry of Manchester are honoured to have your infantry by our side today, Walton.

SOLDIERS:

(CHEER)

WILLIAM:

Father, the Doctor says that today will go badly. That there will be disaster!

HURLEY:

Rubbish! All will be well. We're having the Riot Act read, as is proper. If the protestors pay no heed – well, then they'll have no-one to blame but themselves.

WILLIAM:

Blame for what? Father?

HURLEY:

(LOUDLY) A toast! Everyone! To... upholding the peace!

SOLDIERS:

Upholding the peace!

**CROSS TO:**

**29: INT. MOUNT STREET BARRACKS/STAIRWELL**

FX: CROWDS GATHERING IN NEARBY MOUNT STREET, OUTSIDE THE BARRACKS. DOCTOR & TEGAN WALKING HURRIEDLY, ON A MISSION.

TEGAN:

There must be thousands of people out there!

DOCTOR:

Eighty thousand or so. The records don't agree exactly, but far more than the city fathers were expecting.

TEGAN:

So what goes wrong?

DOCTOR:

Almost everything. We don't want to be in the caught at the heart of it. – This way, I think...

FX: TEGAN FOLLOWS DOCTOR UP STONE STEPS.

TEGAN:

Where are we going?

DOCTOR:

The barracks belong to a private militia run by the city magistrates. They're the ones who control what happens today.

TEGAN:

So?

DOCTOR:

There'll be a good vantage point from the magistrates' building. (STOPS AT TOP OF STEPS) We'll have a better chance of spotting Nyssa from here, rather than at ground level.

TEGAN:

Can't we just stop it happening?

DOCTOR:

You know we can't, Tegan. But we can... ameliorate things a little, perhaps. – Come on, this is where the magistrates are.

FX: DODDERING FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING.

DOCTOR:

Wait! There's someone coming...

REV SMALL:

Hello? Hello there? Is this the place?

DOCTOR:  
That depends, sir.

REV SMALL:  
I'm the Reverend Mr Small. There's some little task the magistrates need a man of my experience to carry out..

DOCTOR:  
Well, lead the way, sir.

FX: AS THEY WALK ALONG PASSAGE:

REV SMALL:  
I was rather flattered to be asked. The most important men in town, asking me!

TEGAN:  
Mind your step, there...

REV SMALL:  
Thank you, my dear. Of course, it was quite a struggle, coming through the crowds. What a terrible lot they are!

TEGAN:  
They're protesting. That's all.

REV SMALL:  
They need a lesson in how to behave themselves. Good job I'm here.

TEGAN:  
Why? What are you going to do?!

DOCTOR:  
(QUIETLY, WITH DREAD) Oh no. This is how it begins..

REV SMALL:  
(PROUDLY) I'm going to read the crowd the Riot Act.

**CROSS TO:**

**30: EXT. PETER'S FIELDS, IN THE CENTRE OF THE CROWD.**

FX: CELEBRATORY CHEERING.

PROTESTORS:

Justice and freedom for all!/They can't deny us if we stand together!/Lancashire lads and lasses!/Yorkshire workers! [ETC]

CATHY:

Nyssa... take Peter for a bit, would you?

NYSSA:

Of course. He's so good. He's hardly made any noise at all.

CATHY:

He's used to noise; to my father coming in at all hours, crashing about...

NYSSA:

How are you feeling now, Cathy?

CATHY:

Excited. Scared. It's even better than I thought. All those faces! There are so many of us.

NYSSA:

What are they chanting? I can't make it out?

CATHY:

Does it matter? How can they not listen to such a hullabaloo?

NYSSA:

Who?

CATHY:

The rich ones! They have to pay heed to our pleas!

NYSSA:

I just hope they won't feel threatened by all this...

CATHY:

But how could they, Nyssa? It's just... wonderful!

**CROSS TO:**

**31: INT. MOUNT STREET; WINDOW OVERLOOKING ST PETER'S FIELD. DAY.**

FX: MOVE FROM ECHOING STONE STAIRWELL TO OPEN WINDOW'S VIEW OF ST PETER'S FIELD. FOOTSTEPS STOP AND THE CROWD NOISE FROM OUTSIDE EXPANDS.

TEGAN:

That view. Doctor, look at them all!

DOCTOR:

I can't see Nyssa.

REV SMALL:

A terrible rabble. Stand back from the window – sir, madam. My duties today are vital for protecting the liberty, order and property of the citizens of Manchester!

TEGAN:

Doctor – what did the Reverend mean about reading the Riot Act?

DOCTOR:

It's a warning to the crowd. By law, if he reads out a warning to desist and they ignore him, then the meeting can be declared unlawful. And if it's unlawful, they can send the troops in. It's the lynchpin of this whole disaster. – But where are your witnesses, Reverend Small? Where are the magistrates?

TEGAN:

Probably hiding from the "rabble".

REV SMALL:

They'll be doing good works elsewhere. You two will be my witnesses as I perform my solemn act!

TEGAN:

Come off it. Who's going to hear you reading from here?

FX: FLOURISH AS REVEREND GETS OUT PAPERS.

REV SMALL:

I shall now say my piece. (COUGHS GRANDLY) "Our sovereign Lord the King commands all persons assembled to disperse themselves peaceably to their habitations..."

FX: CROWD NOISE CONTINUES. THEY TAKE NOT ONE JOT OF NOTICE.  
CROSS TO:

**32: EXTERIOR, MIDST OF CROWD OUTSIDE MAGISTRATES [CONTINUOUS]**

PROTESTORS:

Hark at us!/Fair treatment and wages for all!/Freedom and justice and bread for all! [ETC]

FX: HORSES WHINNY WITH ALARM.

WILLIAM:

The horses are getting frightened, Father. This isn't how it was meant to be...

HURLEY:

(POINTING) There, William! There he is! The old fool up at the window – see?

WILLIAM:

What's he saying? I can't make out a word!

HURLEY:

He's reading them the Riot Act.

WILLIAM:

But no-one can hear!

HURLEY:

Pity, that – ain't it?

WILLIAM:

But that's not fair!

HURLEY:

What's fair got to do with it? We'll show them!

WILLIAM:

Ohh, I want no part in this!

HURLEY:

You're already part of it, boy. On the side of the city fathers.

**CROSS BACK TO:**

**33. EXT. WINDOW OVERLOOKING ST PETER'S FIELD [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: CROWD NOISE CONTINUES.

REV SMALL:

(ALoud) "... upon the pains contained in the act made in the first year of King George I for preventing tumults and riotous assemblies. God save the King!" (STEPPING BACK, SELF-SATISFIED) There.

TEGAN:

You realise no-one heard you? I doubt anyone even noticed you!

DOCTOR:

Tegan, we should go. We must find Nyssa.

FX: THEY EXIT TO STAIRWELL.

REV SMALL:

(MURMURS) I have done my duty. Now, may God have mercy upon their clamorous, unhappy souls.

**CROSS TO:**

**34: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD – MIDST OF CROWD**

FX: THE CROWD NOISE IS MORE FIERCE. THE CHANTS ARE LESS HAPPY AND CELEBRATORY. IT SOUNDS LIKE A FOOTBALL CROWD.

PROTESTORS:

(PUSHING AND SHOIVING) Let us through!/Make way!

NYSSA:

(SHOVED) Hey, watch out!

FX: BABY CRYING LOUDLY, PANICKY.

CATHY:

Give Peter back to me, Nyssa. – There, there, baby... all will be well.

NYSSA:

It's becoming much more rowdy. I don't like this.

CATHY:

Everyone's excited. – Look, at the Deansgate end, can you see the crowd parting?

FX: LOUD SHOUTS AND CHEERS GO UP.

PROTESTORS:

The speakers!/The speechifiers!/They're here!/Come and hear!

NYSSA:

Maybe it wasn't such a good idea, bringing Peter.

CATHY:

It's a peaceful day. Everyone's in their Sunday best. There'll be no trouble.

NYSSA:

I don't know what half these banners mean: "Equal Representation." "Vote by Ballot." "Annual Parliaments."

CATHY:

You'll know what that one means.

NYSSA:

Where? Oh, yes. "Love."

CATHY:

That's all it says. Respect, kindness, and fellow-feeling. That's what all this is about. (ANXIOUS) I've got to get to the hustings. They're expecting me on the platform.



NYSSA:  
Which way?

CATHY:  
We're aiming for the big building, with the pillars, see? The  
Free Trade Hall.

NYSSA:  
But we'll never get there through the crush!

CATHY:  
I can't let them down. I said I'd give my speech!

**CROSS TO:**

**35: EXT. BARRACKS**

FX: CROWD NOISE OUTSIDE MAGISTRATES. TEGAN AND DOCTOR EMERGE.

DOCTOR:  
The crowds are even thicker now.

TEGAN:  
There's William! (CALLING) William, over here!

WILLIAM:  
Tegan! (COMING OVER) So you're out.

TEGAN:  
Well, don't sound so disappointed!

WILLIAM:  
It might be safer in the cells, than out here.

DOCTOR:  
William, where's your father?

WILLIAM:  
They're leading the advance on the crowd. Doctor... things aren't as they should be. I never knew they were doing all of this, I swear...

DOCTOR:  
All of what?

WILLIAM:  
I've just been checking the streets, all the approaches to St Peter's Fields. Portland Street, Lower Mosley Street... they've sealed them off!

TEGAN:  
But that's madness!

WILLIAM:  
They've got special constables out, and all the cavalry.

TEGAN:  
Well, I hope you're satisfied, "Yeoman" Hurley!

WILLIAM:  
I might look the part, but I'm not part of this, Tegan. I've told my father that, too. It's wickedness, that's what it is.

TEGAN:  
You said it!

WILLIAM:

There's more. They're setting up field guns on Mosley Street.

DOCTOR:

What?!

WILLIAM:

As if this were a battlefield. As if we were at Waterloo...

**CROSS TO:**

**36: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD — EDGE OF CROWD**

FX: THE CROWD NOISE IS LESS HERE, BUT NOT MUCH. THE HORSES ARE STILL BUT UNSETTLED, SNORTING AND STAMPING.

WALTON:

(PULLING HORSE OVER) Captain Hurley, you witnessed the reading of the Riot Act?

HURLEY:

I did, sir. And the crowd paid no heed whatsoever, persisting in this insurrection.

WALTON:

Good. Then I shall address the cavalry.

FX: THOMAS TYLER DASHES UP. HURLEY'S HORSE FRETS.

TYLER:

Mr Hurley, sir! Thomas Tyler... remember? The newspaperman?

HURLEY:

Stand back, Tyler. You're alarming my horse. Stand down, sir. Keep out of this.

TYLER:

I am only here to observe, as you well know.

WALTON:

(TO FORTY-STRONG CAVALRY) On my mark, men. We will proceed through the crowd, undeterred. We will march on the Free Trade Hall in order to arrest the speech-makers and rabble-rousers before they can even begin to deliver their vile orations.

TYLER:

What's that, sir? You can't ride horses through the crowd!

HURLEY:

Hold your tongue, man. What would you know?

TYLER:

There are too many people! They're too tightly packed!

WALTON:

(CONTINUING ADDRESS) Present arms. Use the flat of your blades only. Our mission is to send them scuttling back to their sewers.

TYLER:

But you've sealed off the whole of St Peter's Fields. The crowd has nowhere to disperse to!

WALTON:

Silence, sir, or you'll be the first to feel the flat of my blade!

HURLEY:

You mark his words, Thomas Tyler...

TYLER:

Look at these men, Hurley – they've been drinking! They're in no fit state!

HURLEY:

A little snifter to stiffen the sinews, that's all!

TYLER:

And the horses are agitated... None of you is fit to proceed!

WALTON:

(CALLING) Make formation!

FX: HORSES STRAIGHTENED UP.

HURLEY:

(TAKING REINS) Out of the way, scribbler!

TYLER:

(SHOVED ASIDE BY HORSE) Hurley! Hurley...!

WALTON:

(CALLING) Unsheathe your blades!

FX:

RATTLE OF UNSHEATHED SABRES.

WALTON:

On my word. (BEAT) God save the King!

FX: HORSES MOVE QUICKLY OFF.

**CROSS TO:**

**37: EXT. FREE TRADE HALL — IN CROWD**

FX: NYSSA & CATHY IN THE CRUSH.

PROTESTORS:

Let them speak!/I can't hear what they're saying!/Freedom and justice for all!/Voting rights for all working men!

NYSSA:

It's hopeless, Cathy. We can't push through.

CATHY:

But they asked me to talk!

ORATOR:

(GARBLED, FARAWAY, ALL BUT DROWNED OUT) I know I'm a public speaker of the first order, but even I am humbled today by the sight of you people gathered here before me today. I look upon this sea of marvellous, bright faces [and wonder how it could be possible that the fathers of this city, or any other city in this land of ours, could fail to take notice of our demands...]

CATHY:

That's Mister Hunt, I think. They say his voice carries clear across fields. He's famous for it.

NYSSA:

Well, I can't make out a word he's saying. What's he talking about?

CATHY:

The rights of ordinary people. So we can vote who rules over us. So we can afford even simple things [like bread.]

FX: BABY CRIES, INTERRUPTING.

CATHY:

Hush, Peter, hush. — I'm so stupid, Nyssa. What was I doing bringing him here?

NYSSA:

Let me take him for a while.

CATHY:

No! He's mine!

NYSSA:

I just mean, to give you a moment's rest.

CATHY:

All his life they've tried to take him off me. He's not even a year old. He's never been properly [mine.]

FX: OFF — A WAVE OF LOUD DISMAY; HOOVES ON COBBLES. A FEW SCREAMS OF PANIC AND ALARM, UNDER SPEECH AND CHEERS.

PROTESTORS:

Hey — wait!/What's happening?/What are they playing at?

NYSSA:

Something's happening in the crowd.

**CROSS TO:**

**38. EXT. ST PETER' FIELDS**

FX: CAVALRY TRYING TO FORCE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE CROWD.

HURLEY:

Clear the way! Clear the way, I say!

WALTON:

They've given us no option. They simply will not stand aside!

HURLEY:

Your orders, sir?

WALTON:

We must bring this rabble to order. (CALLING) On my signal.  
(BEAT) CHAAAAAAAAAARGE!!!

FX: CAVALRY CHARGES. CROSS TO:



**39: EXT. WITH NYSSA AND CATHY IN CROWD [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: ROAR OF APPROACHING CAVALRY; CRIES OF HORROR AND DISMAY.

PROTESTORS:

They're charging on us!/But they can't be!/Get out of the way!/Leave us be!/Have mercy!/No, please! Go back! Turn back!

NYSSA:

Something terrible is happening.

CATHY:

They've sent in the hussars!

CROSS BACK TO:

**40. EXT. WITH THE CAVALRY [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: THE CHARGE CONTINUES.

WALTON:

Strike them down! Use the edge of your blades, anything!

FX: SHINK! OF BLADE. SLASHING.

PROTESTOR:

(CUT DOWN — SCREAMS)

CROSS BACK TO:

**41. EXT. WITH NYSSA AND CATHY IN CROWD [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: CRIES AS THE CAVALRY APPROACHES.

PROTESTORS:

Please, stop!/Have mercy! Mercy!

CATHY:

They've drawn swords...!

NYSSA:

Those men are heading directly to the podium. We're right in the middle. We have to move, Cathy. We have to!

FX: THEY TRY TO PUSH FORWARD.

PROTESTORS:

You can't do this!/There are women here, and children...!

**CROSS TO:**

**42. EXT. CLOSER TO MOUNT STREET, EDGE OF FIELDS**

FX: THE MAYHEM CONTINUES OFF. TEGAN & WILLIAM IN THE CROWD.

TEGAN:

Doctor? Doctor? – William, we've lost the Doctor!

WILLIAM:

I'm not surprised, in this crush. We need to get you away from here.

TEGAN:

My friends are here, William! I've got to find them!

WILLIAM:

Tegan, no!

PROTESTORS:

They're charging!/They can't be!/They wouldn't dare!

TEGAN:

(REALISATION) The cavalry – they're charging on the crowd...!

WILLIAM:

It wasn't meant to be like this.

TEGAN:

It was always going to be like this! I saw your lot sharpening their swords, ready for the fight! Only it won't be a fight. It'll be a bloodbath!

**CROSS TO:**

**43. EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD**

FX: RIOT NOISE CONTINUES AND INCREASES, AS WE JOIN THE DOCTOR DEEPER INTO THE CROWD.

DOCTOR:  
Tegan! Tegan, where are you?

FX: MORE WAVES OF REACTION TO THE VIOLENT NOISES OF BLADES AND HOOVES.

TYLER:  
Doctor? Doctor, it's me. Thomas Tyler.

DOCTOR:  
The reporter! What are you going to tell your editor about this, then?

TYLER:  
I don't know yet.

DOCTOR:  
Can't you see what's happening? Isn't it obvious?

FX: THEY ARE BUFFETTED ABOUT AND STRUGGLE TO REMAIN UPRIGHT IN THE CRUSH AND TO HEAR EACH OTHER ABOVE THE NOISE.

PROTESTORS:  
Save us!/Help us!/We can't move from here!/They've blocked us in!

TYLER:  
The yeomanry say they have a right to defend the city.

DOCTOR:  
Against what? Ordinary men, women and children, waving banners?

TYLER:  
Against anarchists, trying to cause trouble! I've just come from the podium. The radicals are being dragged from the hustings.

DOCTOR:  
So much for free speech. How does that make you feel, Thomas Tyler – as an "investigative reporter"?

TYLER:  
I –

DOCTOR:  
While you think on that, (LOOKING AROUND) I need to find my friends...

PROTESTORS:

There are people dying here!/Help! Can't you help us?/Please, sir, have mercy on us!

TYLER:

I don't give much for your chances of finding anyone in this... this..

DOCTOR:

Carnage. That's what this is. — Tyler. Help me.

**CROSS TO:**

**44: EXT. WITH THE CAVALRY**

FX: HERE, THE SCREAMS HAVE DIED DOWN TO AGONIZED MURMURS AND SOBBING OF THE TRAMPLED AND DYING. HORSE HOOVES RING ON BLOODY COBBLES.

ROBERTS:

Sir... Mr Hurley, sir...

FX: HURLEY PULLS HIS HORSE UP.

HURLEY:

*Captain* Hurley! Get out from in front of my horse, you fool!

ROBERTS:

I'm Roberts... remember? I work for you, in your factory. Cathy's father. Cathy, who serves in your house, at Hurley Hall...

HURLEY:

What are you doing here? I pay you good wages, and this is how you repay me?

ROBERTS:

I would never be here of my own accord, sir. It's just Cathy... my Cathy came here.

HURLEY:

Then you should have forbidden her! Can't you control your daughter?

ROBERTS:

I tried, sir! I told her...

HURLEY:

Then I suggest you find her and get her [away from here...]

ROBERTS:

You don't understand, Mist- er, Captain Hurley, sir. She has the child with her. She took the baby with her and brought him here...

HURLEY:

What? You let her bring a child into this...!

FX: WALTON RIDES UP SHARPLY, DRAWING SWORD

WALTON:

What's going on here? What are you doing, Hurley?

HURLEY:

This man is from my factory.

WALTON:

Is he being a nuisance? (MENACE) Because if he is...

ROBERTS:

(SHRINKING BACK) Please, sir...!

HURLEY:

Roberts, I command you to find your daughter and return home with both her and your grandchild immediately!

ROBERTS:

She said it was to be a peaceful march. What has happened here?

WALTON:

I'll tell you what's happened here, you stinking peasant. Insubordination! Revolution! Wholesale destruction of private property! They'll see this city razed to the ground! They'll see it all turned into slums! That's how they want it. Because that's all they know.

HURLEY:

Go home, Roberts. Find the children and take them home.

**CROSS TO:**



**45: EXT. EDGE OF CROWD**

FX: WILLIAM AND TEGAN ARE ON HORSEBACK, CLOPPING CAREFULLY AROUND THE FIELDS' PERIMETER. THE RIOT IS PASSING.

PROTESTORS:

We need help here!/My son is wounded... my wife has been taken from me.../Have you seen my husband? He was dragged away...

TEGAN:

Look at them! Look at what they've done!

WILLIAM:

They shouldn't have panicked. If they hadn't panicked..

TEGAN:

They panicked because your lot were riding over them, waving – (BREAKS OFF) William, wait!

WILLIAM:

What is it?

TEGAN:

I saw Nyssa... I think. Right in the thick of it, helping the wounded!

WILLIAM:

Where? I can't pick out anyone...

TEGAN:

Now she's gone again. I could have sworn...

WILLIAM:

Tegan, it's futile. (CLICKS TONGUE; TURNS HORSE AROUND)

TEGAN:

You're not turning around...!

WILLIAM:

There's nothing we can do here. But we can still help.

TEGAN:

How?

WILLIAM:

By letting people out. The exits on Mount Street, and Deansgate... come on!

FX: THEY MOVE OFF.

**CROSS TO:**

**46: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELDS**

FX: CROWD NOISE SLIGHTLY QUIETER

DOCTOR:

It's going to be a while before this clears, Thomas Tyler.

TYLER:

I couldn't leave St Peter's Fields now, even if I wanted to.

FX: THE CRACK AND RUMBLE OF FIELD GUNS IN SIDE STREETS; ECHOING HORRIBLY BETWEEN BUILDINGS.

DOCTOR:

They're firing field guns. That's monstrous...!

TYLER:

They wouldn't without good reason. Surely they wouldn't...

DOCTOR:

What reason could they give for firing on civilians? This isn't Waterloo.

TYLER:

No. No, it isn't.

DOCTOR:

You know the Hurley family. Did you know they were in the yeomanry?

TYLER:

Well, of course...

DOCTOR:

And that by being with them you'd have a ringside seat at what was being planned?

TYLER:

Planned? What do you mean, 'planned'?

DOCTOR:

I believe Hurley Senior knew exactly what was going to happen. Yes, I'd say it was planned!

TYLER:

Who would plan misery and death on a scale like this...?

**CROSS TO:**

**47: SIDE STREET OFF ST PETER'S FIELDS**

FX: CROWDS DISPERSING. OCCASIONAL FIELD GUN.

WILLIAM:

They're letting the crowd through now.

TEGAN:

Thanks for talking to them, William. The soldiers, I mean..

WILLIAM:

What else was I supposed to do? Now then: we might stand a better chance of seeing your friends.

TEGAN:

What's that big building with the columns?

WILLIAM:

The Free Trade Hall? – There's still fighting over there.

TEGAN:

There's been no fighting. Just one lot on horseback with swords, attacking defenceless people on the ground.

**CROSS TO:**

**48: EXT. NEAR FREE TRADE HALL**

FX: CAVALRY APPROACHING NOISILY. CATHY (WITH BABY) & NYSSA, STILL IN THE CRUSH.

CATHY:

It's like a vision of hell.

NYSSA:

Cathy, we have to keep moving!

CATHY:

If anything happens to me, Nyssa... please, take Peter.

NYSSA:

Of course, but —

CATHY:

I mean, don't leave him with my father. Promise me.

NYSSA:

We'll get out of here safely, I'm sure we will. Come on, I think there's a break in the crowd...

**CUT TO:**

**49: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD**

FX: HORSES ARE APPROACHING RAPIDLY

WALTON: Give them no quarter! They've asked for this! CHARGE!

**CROSS TO:**

**50: EXT. EDGE OF THE CROWD**

FX: NOISE OF THE CAVALRY CHARGE

TEGAN:

No! They're doing it again! Charging straight at them!

WILLIAM:

Tegan, we have to keep b- (BREAKS OFF) Wait. There, just down from the Hall. In the red.

TEGAN:

It's Nyssa! William, that's Nyssa! (RUSHING FORWARD) Nyssa! Nyssa! Get down! Get away from there!!!

**CUT TO:**

**51: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD**

FX: THUNDERING CAVALRY CHARGE. SCREAMS AND ALARM.

CATHY:  
The hussars...!

NYSSA:  
I thought we were safe. — Back this way, Cathy...!

CATHY:  
They'll never give up. They won't stop... they won't stop until every one of us is dead...

FX: THUNDERING HOOVES ALMOST UPON THEM

HURLEY:  
(APPROACHING) GOD SAVE THE KING!

NYSSA:  
Cathy, look out!!!

FX: HURLEY'S HORSE TRAMPLES OVER CATHY.

CATHY:  
(SCREAMS — CUT SHORT)

**CROSS TO:**

**52: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD**

TEGAN:

Nyssa? Where are you...?

FX: DOCTOR RUNNING UP, BREATHLESSLY PUSHING THROUGH CROWD.

DOCTOR:

Tegan...!

TEGAN:

Doctor, it's you!

DOCTOR:

Have you seen Nyssa?

WILLIAM:

We caught a glimpse of her, beside the Hall. Then the horses came again, and..

DOCTOR:

Give me your sword.

WILLIAM:

What?

TEGAN:

Just do it, William. The Doctor knows what he's doing.

TYLER:

(ARRIVING) Doctor? Have you gone mad?

WILLIAM:

Tyler! You're here too?

TYLER:

Lord alone knows, madness would easily be caused by such sights. But the world will know what has happened here today!

DOCTOR:

No time for that now. – William. The sword.

WILLIAM:

What are you going to do?

DOCTOR:

Wait here. All of you.

FX: THE DOCTOR TURNS AND RUNS STRAIGHT INTO THE HEART OF DANGER.

WILLIAM:

Doctor, you can't go in there!



TEGAN:

I can't just stand here. — I'm going after him.

TYLER:

No, Miss. It's no place for you. (GRABS TEGAN)

TEGAN:

(STRUGGLING) Get off me...!

WILLIAM:

You heard the Doctor. We have to wait.

**CROSS TO:**

**53: EXT. BY FREE TRADE HALL**

FX: HORSES REAR AND WHINNY MADLY. PEOPLE ARE SCREAMING. SLASH OF BLADES.

PROTESTORS:

Save us!/Please, no!

HURLEY:

You brought this on yourselves! You did this to your own selves!

CROSS TO:

**54: EXT. BY FREE TRADE HALL**

CLOSE BY. WE JOIN NYSSA ON THE FLOOR, HUDDLED WITH CATHY AND THE BABY, TRYING TO AVOID THE TRAMPLING HOOVES.

CATHY:

(AGONISED) Nyssa... Nyssa, I can't move. I can't get up. What happened, Nyssa?

NYSSA:

You were hurt, Cathy. The horse trampled you. We need to get you to someone who can help.

CATHY:

I don't... I don't recall...

NYSSA:

I daren't move you.

CATHY:

(REALISATION) Peter. Where's Peter? Where's he gone?!

NYSSA:

He fell from your arms. I have him. Cathy, I'm -

CATHY:

Give me my son. (TAKES HIM) He's so quiet.

NYSSA:

I'm sorry.

CATHY:

Always such a good boy. Even in all this noise.

CROSS BACK TO:

**55: EXT. BY FREE TRADE HALL**

FX: THE CHARGE IS OVER AND THE HORSES STAND RESTLESSLY, PANTING, EXHAUSTED.

HURLEY:  
That's all of them! That's the lot!

WALTON:  
Our job is done. Their pathetic rebellion is over.

HURLEY:  
It's a job well done.

WALTON:  
We must regroup on Mount Street. Leave the carcasses and the wounded. They have nothing to do with us.

FX: WALTON BRUSQUELY RIDES OFF WITH OTHERS.

FX: THE MOANS OF THE WOUNDED FILL OUR EARS.

PROTESTORS:  
(WOUNDED) Help us!/Please!/Don't leave us lying here...!

HURLEY:  
(TO SELF) Yes, a job well done...

NYSSA:  
(APPROACHING FROM OFF) YOU!!!

HURLEY:  
What? What's that?

NYSSA:  
Mister Hurley!

HURLEY:  
Are you addressing me, young woman?

FX: NYSSA STAGGERS TOWARDS HIM; HORSE SHIES AND WHINNIES.

NYSSA:  
You did this! All you men did this!

HURLEY:  
How dare you address me so? I shall have you arrested!

FX: DOCTOR ARRIVES AT A RUN.

DOCTOR:  
Nyssa! Thank goodness! Are you hurt...?

NYSSA:

No, but –

HURLEY:

Of course, you're the Doctor's friend! – Doctor? What are you doing armed? Where did you get that weapon?

DOCTOR:

Mister— er, Captain Hurley. I'm asking you, very politely, to dismount. To put down your sword.

HURLEY:

What, surrender? You fool, the battle here is over. We are victorious.

DOCTOR:

You call this victory?

HURLEY:

Are you threatening me, sir?!

NYSSA:

He isn't. But I might.

DOCTOR:

Nyssa...?

NYSSA:

YOU did this, Hurley. It was your horse that charged us. It was you who rode over us. It was you who crushed Cathy underfoot.

DOCTOR:

Cathy? From Hurley Hall...?

HURLEY:

No... I would have seen. Surely, I would have seen...

DOCTOR:

Get down from your horse. Put down your sword.

NYSSA:

You trampled Cathy. And you have killed her son.

HURLEY:

*What?!* I couldn't have... It's impossible...

NYSSA:

The child is dead. And you, Mister Hurley, are to blame.

**END OF PART THREE**

**PART FOUR**

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**REPRISE:**

*NYSSA:*

*YOU did this, Hurley. It was your horse that charged us. It was you who rode over us. It was you who crushed Cathy underfoot.*

*DOCTOR:*

*Cathy? From Hurley Hall...?*

*HURLEY:*

*No... I would have seen. Surely, I would have seen...*

*DOCTOR:*

*Get down from your horse. Put down your sword.*

*NYSSA:*

*You trampled Cathy. And you have killed her son.*

*HURLEY:*

*What?! I couldn't have... It's impossible...*

*NYSSA:*

*The child is dead. And you, Mister Hurley, are to blame.*

SCENE CONTINUES:

**56. EXT. BY FREE TRADE HALL**

*HURLEY:*

*The child... is dead?*

*DOCTOR:*

*Nyssa, is Cathy fit to be moved?*

*NYSSA:*

*I'm not sure. I think so.*

*DOCTOR:*

*Then we'll have to hope. — Get down from there, Hurley.*

*HURLEY:*

*(DAZED) What?*

*DOCTOR:*

*We need your horse. — Your horse, man!*

HURLEY:

Yes – yes, of course. (DISMOUNTS THROUGH:)

TEGAN:

(RUNNING UP) Nyssa! You're alright!

NYSSA:

Tegan. No, I am not 'all right'.

TEGAN:

Why? What's the matter? What's going on?

WILLIAM:

(RUNNING UP) Tegan, I told you to stay!

TYLER:

(CLOSE BEHIND) Leave her to it. The hellcat bit me...!

DOCTOR:

William. Good. I take it there's some kind of infirmary in the vicinity?

WILLIAM:

What – the Sisters, you mean?

DOCTOR:

Probably. Do you know the way?

WILLIAM:

Erm, yes –

DOCTOR:

Your uniform will take you to the front of the queue. Take your father's horse.

WILLIAM:

Why? Is someone injured?

NYSSA:

Cathy.

TEGAN:

The maid?

WILLIAM:

Where is she? Is she hurt?

NYSSA:

Come with me, Tegan. (AS THEY LEAVE) William, bring the horse around.

WILLIAM:

I shall, yes. Father? What will you do?

HURLEY:

You go, boy.

WILLIAM:

Father...?

HURLEY:

Just go.

FX: WILLIAM LEAVES, TAKING HORSE AROUND.

TYLER:

What about all these others, Doctor? The dozens of injured, lying all around?

DOCTOR:

Fifteen fatalities. Six hundred and fifty-four casualties.

TYLER:

How can you possibly know the number?

DOCTOR:

The official record will differ, of course. Historians will debate it for years.

TYLER:

What are you talking about?

DOCTOR:

Fifteen fatalities. Six hundred and fifty-four casualties. Write that down in your notebook, Thomas Tyler.

HURLEY:

Ignore him, Tyler. These numbers are just... wild speculation!

DOCTOR:

Look around you, man!!! You know, Hurley, I never share my knowledge of future history. On this occasion, I wish I had. Because had I realised that you belonged to this private militia, I'd have done everything in my power to stop you. You caused this horror – you and your kind!

HURLEY:

Oh, I've had my fill of you. (BEGINS TO WALK AWAY)

DOCTOR:

Don't just walk away, Hurley! Help us with the wounded, at least!



TYLER:

Let him go, Doctor. — Doctor:

DOCTOR:

(IRRITABLY) What?!

TYLER:

Might these abandoned banners be made into a stretcher, do you suppose? For the injured?

DOCTOR:

(MOMENTARILY TAKEN ABACK) Yes, Thomas Tyler, I believe they might.

TYLER:

Then let us get to it.

FX: FADE UP CRIES OF THE WOUNDED AND THE CLOPPING OF HORSES BEING LED AWAY.

**CROSS TO:**

**57: INT. INFIRMARY**

FX: HUSHED, ECHOING SILENCE. FOUR SETS OF FOOTSTEPS ON TILED FLOORS. DISTANT CRIES OF PAIN.

SISTER:

We have heard what went on today in St Peter's Field. A truly terrible thing.

NYSSA:

We've seen so many injuries today, Sister, and yet... where is everyone?

TEGAN:

This infirmary of yours should be overflowing.

FX: ALL STOP.

SISTER:

We would not wish to turn anyone away from our infirmary, of course.

WILLIAM:

Ladies, come away. We must leave the Sisters to care for Cathy— (STOPS SELF) — for Miss Roberts.

NYSSA:

But I don't understand. Why haven't more wounded been brought here?

TEGAN:

Because they can't pay. Don't you get it, Nyssa? It might as well be the Dark Ages.

WILLIAM:

The Hurley family will, of course, be settling Miss Roberts' account.

SISTER:

Of course, sir.

TEGAN:

That's the least you can do. Considering what your father did.

WILLIAM:

I still can't believe... It must have been an accident, Tegan. A terrible accident.

TEGAN:

It was no accident he was up on that horse, slashing that sword about.

SISTER:

From what I gather, it was the radicals at fault – coming to our city to foment unrest among the peasantry.

TEGAN:

Well, you hear wrong, sister. We saw the whole thing. (ABOUT TO GO OFF ONE ONE) And for what it's worth, [let me tell you]

NYSSA:

Tegan, Tegan. There's been enough conflict today.

SISTER:

Indeed.

WILLIAM:

As I said, let us come away.

TEGAN:

Come off it, William. We were right there – we saw who was to blame, and it wasn't the people in rags. It was the men in those colours you're wearing, charging them down!

WILLIAM:

Believe me, Tegan, I could not be more sorry for everything that has happened today. (BEAT; CLEARLY UPSET) I must depart.

NYSSA:

Tegan didn't mean you, William – did you, Tegan? She knows you had no part in it.

TEGAN:

Me and my big mouth. Of course I didn't mean [you]

WILLIAM:

Nonetheless, I'm going back to the Field, to see what else I can do to help. – Good-day, Sister.

FX: AS HIS FOOTSTEPS RECEDE:

TEGAN:

(CALLING AFTER) You're a good man, William...!

NYSSA:

May we see Cathy yet, Sister?

SISTER:

Not yet. She is still being dealt with. – I must be off about my duties.

TEGAN:

You do that, Sister.

SISTER:

(BEAT, THEN) They wouldn't come here, of course. The peasantry. Even if men like Mister Hurley were to offer to pay for every last one.

NYSSA:

Why do you say that?

SISTER:

Because we will take their names. That will implicate them in today's troubles. They might be poor, but they're not all stupid.

TEGAN:

Well, why would you betray them like that?

SISTER:

We're all dependent upon the great and the good. And the wealthy.

FX: SISTER LEAVES.

NYSSA:

Tegan...

TEGAN:

I heard you, no more conflict. Guess you're right.

NYSSA:

It's not that. It's William. He seems... different.

TEGAN:

Yeah, well, I guess he's had the stuffing knocked out of him. We all have.

NYSSA:

Cathy told me that she and William have been friends since childhood. That they were close.

TEGAN:

No wonder he's... (COTTONS ON) Hang about, are you saying –

NYSSA:

I've a suspicion that the child was his.

**CROSS TO:**

**58: EXT. ST PETER'S FIELD**

FX: THE DISTANT NOISE OF HORSES BEING LED AWAY, BUT THE SOUNDS ARE DWINDLING NOW.

TYLER:

Suddenly it's like a wasteland, Doctor. All the injured are gone. All the dead dragged away.

DOCTOR:

It has the eerie quiet of a battlefield, yes.

TYLER:

Thank the Lord it's all over.

DOCTOR:

Indeed.

TYLER:

There's a carriage at six from Piccadilly. I need to be on it, if I want to be back in London tomorrow.

DOCTOR:

You're leaving, Thomas Tyler?

TYLER:

I must first collect my luggage from Hurley Hall. Then I have a job to do.

DOCTOR:

Your report. Of course. *Tempus fugit*, and so must you.

TYLER:

I will tell the truth as best I can. Inasmuch as I am allowed..

DOCTOR:

What does that mean?

TYLER:

You will read my account in the paper. But it may be that I am obliged to compromise.

DOCTOR:

'Compromise'. I see.

TYLER:

You must understand, Doctor: society, the establishment... they will take a particular view of everything that has occurred here today.

DOCTOR:

And so you're going to lie.

TYLER:

No, sir. I shall describe exactly how the yeomanry rode out, in order to quell a riotous assembly..

DOCTOR:

It only became riotous after they rode out. Mister Tyler, I beg you not to compromise your account. The people of Manchester were innocent.

TYLER:

As I said, Doctor: inasmuch as I am able.

DOCTOR:

Well, I look forward to reading it. Goodbye, Thomas Tyler.

TYLER:

Goodbye, Doctor.

FX: TYLER HASTENS TO LEAVE, FOOTSTEPS LEADING AWAY.

**CROSS TO:**

**59: EXT. STREET OUTSIDE INFIRMARY**

FX: A CARRIAGE PASSES BY.

ROBERTS:

(COMING OVER) Master William... is it you?

WILLIAM:

Mister Roberts. You're looking for Cathy.

ROBERTS:

They said she was here, at the Infirmary. That she was in some bother...

WILLIAM:

I've seen her. She has come to some serious injury. Broken ribs, a broken arm. But the Sisters believe she will recover. Roberts, forgive me, [but -]

ROBERTS:

Thank the Lord. Thank the Lord she's alive. - And the babby...? The Sisters are looking after him, too?

WILLIAM:

(TRYING NOT TO BREAK DOWN, MOVING AWAY) You must... talk to the Sisters, Roberts. Never fear, I have seen that the account is settled. I... I cannot stay here.

ROBERTS:

Where are you going?

WILLIAM:

I had meant to return to the Field, but I've now heard it is all but emptied. So I must go back to Hurley Hall, to see my father.

ROBERTS:

He wasn't wounded too?

WILLIAM:

I have settled one account; I believe I must settle another.

ROBERTS:

I don't understand.

WILLIAM:

I'm sorry. So sorry. (WALKS QUICKLY AWAY)

**CUT TO:**

**60. INT. INFIRMARY**

FX: HUSHED AMBIENCE OF INFIRMARY AGAIN. DOOR CLOSES. THE NUN PAUSES, THEN CROSSES TO SPEAK WITH NYSSA AND TEGAN.

SISTER:

Are you still here? – Our work is better done unhindered.

NYSSA:

Please, Sister, we just want to see her.

SISTER:

She is sleeping. She is not to be disturbed.

TEGAN:

Then we'll wait.

SISTER:

I should advise against it. The yeomanry will be here before very long, looking for the ringleaders of today's riot. Agitators. (HEAVY HINT) Radicals from out-of-town...

TEGAN:

Ohh, it's like that, is it?

NYSSA:

Cathy's got no-one but us. Please, Sister. We just want to see her, [and then we'll be gone.]

FX: DOOR BANGS OFF. ROBERTS APPROACHING FROM DOWN CORRIDOR.

ROBERTS:

Hello? – Hello? I'm looking for my daughter. Catherine Roberts?

SISTER:

Well, she has someone else now.

NYSSA:

Mister Roberts, yes. She's sleeping.

ROBERTS:

I met Master Hurley on the way in, he told me she was here. He seemed... very strange.

NYSSA:

Mister Roberts. There's something you should know.

ROBERTS:

Said he had settled one account, and now he had to settle another. – Who are you people?



NYSSA:  
Friends of Cathy's.

ROBERTS:  
(SUSPICIOUS) Friends, are you? Her new friends, that have led her into this?

TEGAN:  
Nyssa, we have to go.

NYSSA:  
I have to explain.

SISTER:  
Come with me, sir. I shall explain what has happened. These people are just leaving.

ROBERTS:  
Thank you, Sister.

FX: AS ROBERTS AND SISTER WALK AWAY:

NYSSA:  
We can't just leave, Tegan!

TEGAN:  
Nyssa, we have to! Didn't you hear what he told us, about what William said?

NYSSA:  
What William said?

TEGAN:  
That he had another account to settle?

NYSSA:  
Yes, but —

TEGAN:  
With his father, perhaps?

NYSSA:  
Oh no. He wouldn't...!

TEGAN:  
Come on!

FX: TEGAN AND NYSSA'S BRISK FOOTSTEPS AWAY.

**CROSS TO:**

**61. EXT. BARRACKS ON MOUNT STREET**

FX: SOLDIERS CROSSING COBBLES. HORSE CLOPS TO STOP.

WALTON:

Captain Hurley! There you are, back at the barracks at last.  
Good man!

HURLEY:

Am I that, Captain Walton?

WALTON:

(DISMOUNTING) Of course! One of the heroes of the hour! Look  
how we routed them – a mere forty of us, arranged against... how  
many thousands?

HURLEY:

Fifteen fatalities. Six hundred and fifty-four casualties. The  
Doctor says.

WALTON:

Nonsense. – Who's this doctor?

HURLEY:

What was it for? What was all that in aid of?

WALTON:

Protecting our wealth and our safety, man! Remember what  
happened on the Continent? Can't let our own beloved land fall  
into the hands of radicals and revolutionaries!

HURLEY:

Was that... revolution? A march for loaves and votes?

WALTON:

Manchester has sent out a clear message to the country at large  
– we will not be bullied by the hoi-polloi! Now come – we're  
repairing to the Star Tavern, to celebrate our success!

HURLEY:

No. I'm going home. I have nothing to celebrate.

WALTON:

Why, that's not playing the game, Hurley. Your absence will be  
noted.

HURLEY:

Fifteen fatalities, sir. Six hundred and fifty-four  
casualties...!

WALTON:

Come now, Hurley. A few minor injuries. A few harsh lessons learned. (AS HURLEY TURNS) Hurley, you can't go!

HURLEY:

I'm going home, sir. I'm going home right now!

**CROSS TO:**

**62. EXT. ST PETER'S FIELDS**

FX: THE QUIET BATTLEFIELD; DISTANT HORSES. TEGAN & NYSSA RUSH UP TO MEET THE DOCTOR.

DOCTOR:

Ah. Nyssa. Tegan. I was on my way to find you. How's Cathy?

NYSSA:

Her father is with her.

DOCTOR:

Good.

NYSSA:

Doctor, have you seen William?

DOCTOR:

William? No.

NYSSA:

We thought he might pass by here, on his way to Hurley Hall.

DOCTOR:

As you see, there's hardly anyone here now.

TEGAN:

Just smashed banners and signs. Trampled hats and bloodstains.

DOCTOR:

Oh, there'll be a very efficient clean-up operation. Thomas Tyler will help whitewash the scene.

NYSSA:

Who?

DOCTOR:

A journalist. A friend of the Hurleys. He's on his way now, to Cheadle Hulme.

TEGAN:

Someone should put him right.

DOCTOR:

I'm afraid the newspapers will tell lies about the massacre of St Peter's Fields for years to come.

TEGAN:

Well, we're on our way back to Hurley Hall. I'll make him tell him the truth, don't you worry.

DOCTOR:

It's no good, Tegan. This is a fixed point in time.

TEGAN:

You always say that.

DOCTOR:

We can no more change the aftermath of these events than we could prevent the massacre itself. I'm afraid we should never have come here. If the TARDIS hadn't suffered damage to its systems, if I'd known the precise date, I would never have allowed us to become involved.

TEGAN:

Yeah, well, we did become involved!

DOCTOR:

I understand how you feel, Tegan. I told Hurley, had I known he was with the yeomanry, I'd have done everything in my power to stop him. But it was too late then, of course.

NYSSA:

But would you, Doctor? Would you have tried to change history?

DOCTOR:

Probably not, no. I was – well, angry.

TEGAN:

I don't blame you.

NYSSA:

I think we should get back to Hurley Hall.

DOCTOR:

To the TARDIS, yes.

NYSSA:

No, Doctor. Not the TARDIS. Not yet. We can still prevent something terrible from happening.

DOCTOR:

I beg your pardon?

**CROSS TO:**

**63. EXT. ROAD TO CHEADLE**

FX: TYLER WALKING ALONG. WILLIAM'S HORSE AND CARRIAGE HEADING RAPIDLY HOME ON DIRT TRACK. SLOWING, BLOCKED BY TYLER.

WILLIAM:  
(CALLING, FROM CARRIAGE) Out of the way there! I said, out of the way!

TYLER:  
William?

WILLIAM:  
Thomas Tyler. It's you.

TYLER:  
Driving your own carriage, William? There's fortuitous.

WILLIAM:  
What?

TYLER:  
I thought I'd be obliged to take Shanks' pony all the way back to Hurley Hall, to collect my luggage. — I may ride with you, of course?

WILLIAM:  
I —

FX: TYLER CLIMBS ABOARD FRONT SEAT WITH WILLIAM.

TYLER:  
(CLIMBING UP) Good, good. (SETTLING) There's a relief.

FX: WILLIAM SHAKES REINS, THE HORSES SET OFF AT A BRISK TROT.

TYLER:  
(JOLTED) Whoa there! What's the hurry? I admit, I thought you fellows would still be in the Star. That's where your father is, I take it...?

WILLIAM:  
No. They told me at the barracks that he'd been seen returning home.

TYLER:  
Odd.

WILLIAM:  
I need to see him. At once...

TYLER:

Forgive me, William – but you seem rather strange. Distracted.

WILLIAM:

Is it any wonder?

TYLER:

The child. Of course. What a ghastly day.

WILLIAM:

He had done no wrong. He did not deserve to suffer.

TYLER:

It was the mother who took him into the field. Foolish girl! That's the trouble with the poor. They have no notion of consequence. That is why they must look to their betters, to decide what's best for them.

WILLIAM:

That could be my father speaking.

TYLER:

He is a grand man. And I shall tell him as much, when we arrive at Hurley Hall!

FX: CARRIAGE DRIVES ON.

**64: EXT. COBBLED STREET**

FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA RACING AFTER TEGAN.

DOCTOR:

Tegan, wait! (ALL STOP) Where are we going?

TEGAN:

We need horses, right? To get to Hurley Hall? So we're going to the barracks.

NYSSA:

But the soldiers...!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa's right.

TEGAN:

The soldiers will all be at the Tavern. And even if they're not – you've got the keys to the stables, remember? – Come on!

FX: SHE TAKES OFF. THEY FOLLOW.



**65: INT. HURLEY HALL — HALLWAY/DRAWING ROOM**

FX: DOORS SLAM, AND HURLEY'S THUNDEROUS FOOTSTEPS HURRY INTO THE HUSHED CALM OF HURLEY HALL. MRS HURLEY RUSHES TO GREET HIM, ALL DITHERY AND STARCHY IN HER FROCK.

MRS HURLEY:

My dear, you're safe. I've been so worried!

HURLEY:

Have you?

MRS HURLEY:

Well, naturally. — Where's William?

HURLEY:

If I'd have died in today's melee you'd have copped for the whole lot. This house, the mill, the business, everything. You'd have been queen of all you survey. You'd never have had to suffer the sight of my face again.

FX: HE MARCHES THROUGH INTO DRAWING ROOM. AS EVER, THE CLOCK TICKS AND THE FIRE CRACKLES.

MRS HURLEY:

Why are you saying this? What's happened?

FX: HURLEY THROWS HIMSELF DOWN INTO A LEATHER CHAIR.

HURLEY:

I am a monster, Elizabeth.

MRS HURLEY:

I should say you need a drink. I'll fetch Dodson —

HURLEY:

No! Let me sit quietly. I feel sick to my stomach.

MRS HURLEY:

My dear, there's mud on your boots. And is that blood on your sleeve? You'll leave it on the cushions...

HURLEY:

There is blood everywhere, Mrs Hurley. The streets of Manchester are swimming with it tonight. The civic buildings we have built to display our own magnificence will be stained with blood for a good long time. I shall close my eyes in bed tonight and still be able to see all the blood. I'll still be able to smell it.

MRS HURLEY:

Where is William? — Something ghastly has happened, I know it...!

HURLEY:

Not to him. Not to us. Our world hasn't changed.

MRS HURLEY:

Then... what? My dear?

HURLEY:

Cathy Roberts was at St Peter's Field. With that child.

MRS HURLEY:

Her little brother...?!

HURLEY:

It's dead, Elizabeth. The child was killed.

**CROSS TO:**

**66: INT. INFIRMARY**

FX: DOOR OPENS.

SISTER:  
Good, you're awake.

CATHY:  
(WOOZY, IN BED) Sister. Is my friend Nyssa here? I should like to see her.

SISTER:  
No. But your father is.

ROBERTS:  
(AT DOOR) Please. I just need to talk to her...

SISTER:  
You mustn't stay long. (EXITS BRISKLY)

(BEAT)

CATHY:  
Dad...?

ROBERTS:  
(COMING OVER) Cathy, love.

CATHY:  
Oh, Dad...

ROBERTS:  
You're safe now. The Sisters will look after you. They're good women.

CATHY:  
It's Peter, Dad. He's gone... (WEEPS)

ROBERTS:  
I know, love. They told me. That little mite was too good for this rotten world. — Just you think about yourself now. You have to get better. Get strong again.

CATHY:  
Oh Dad, what will I do...?

ROBERTS:  
Hush, now. — You should never have got involved. You should never have been out marching today. The likes of us... we have to keep our heads down. Know our place. See what happens when we don't.

CATHY:

No! Peter's gone. But there are other Peters. Other children. They deserve better, I know they do!

ROBERTS:

Enough, girl. Enough.

CATHY:

We have to go on fighting, for all the children. We must!

**CROSS TO:**

**67: INT. HURLEY HALL — DRAWING ROOM**

FX: FROM OFF — FRONT DOOR CRASHES OPEN.

WILLIAM:

(OFF, CALLING, ANGRY) Father? — Father!!!

MRS HURLEY:

There's William now.

HURLEY:

I heard.

FX: WILLIAM BEGINS STRIDING THROUGH HALLWAY.

MRS HURLEY:

Why all the noise?

WILLIAM:

(ARRIVING AT DRAWING-ROOM DOOR) Mother, I would speak with Father.

MRS HURLEY:

William? I know it has been a terrible day. But nonetheless: manners!

TYLER:

(ARRIVING BESIDE WILLIAM) Mrs Hurley?

MRS HURLEY:

Oh. The "reporter".

HURLEY:

He's all I need...!

TYLER:

(TO MRS HURLEY) I believe manners may be excused. It has been a trying day indeed. Nonetheless: all back safely.

MRS HURLEY:

Then that is something to be thankful for, at least. Our family is safe. From what I understand, we must be one of the few families in Manchester who hasn't suffered a casualty of some sort today.

WILLIAM:

Is that so?

TYLER:

Perhaps we might all take a drink?

WILLIAM:

No. – Mother, there is something I must tell you.

HURLEY:

Your mother's had enough upset for one day, boy.

WILLIAM:

(UNDETERRED) Mother – there is no way to prettify this, or to make it more palatable..

MRS HURLEY:

I think what your father means, my dear, is that we mustn't discuss our feelings and thoughts in company. It isn't polite.

WILLIAM:

Polite! Who cares about polite now?!

HURLEY:

Your mother does. Remember that.

TYLER:

I think what your parents are saying, William, is that they don't wish to discuss today's ructions in front of a gentleman of the press.

HURLEY:

You are correct, sir. You already have your story. I trust you are returning to London this evening in order to meet your deadline?

TYLER:

And a sorry tale I shall tell. Of revolutionaries and peasants. And how they had to be put down. Not unjustly. Not ferociously. But for their own good. For the good of the nation.

MRS HURLEY:

But that's right, isn't it, William? They became rowdy... unmanageable... Why, they brought the disaster upon themselves by becoming quite carried away.

WILLIAM:

Oh, I know who got "carried away".

MRS HURLEY:

William, dear – sit down, beside your father. I should call Dodson to remove that horrid sword.

WILLIAM:

His sabre, yes. (SWOOPS TO PICK IT UP)

HURLEY:

Put that down, boy.

**68: EXT. HURLEY HALL — DRIVEWAY**

FX: 2 x HORSES RIDING UP. DOCTOR ON ONE, WITH NYSSA HIS PASSENGER; TEGAN LEADING.

NYSSA:

(POINTING) There's a militia cart on the drive!

DOCTOR:

William's already here.

TEGAN:

Come on!

**69: INT. HURLEY HALL — DRAWING ROOM**

WILLIAM:

Whose blood is this, Mother? On Father's sword?

MRS HURLEY:

William, please. Let's not dwell.

HURLEY:

I said, put it down, boy.

WILLIAM:

Do you want to tell her, Father? Or you, Tyler?

TYLER:

I... believe it's time I departed.

WILLIAM:

No? Then it's up to me.

FX: OUTSIDE THE ROOM, THE FRONT DOOR CRASHES; DOCTOR, TEGAN & NYSSA RUSH UP HALL.

HURLEY:

Who the devil...?

WILLIAM:

Don't move, Father. Nor you, Tyler. We all three know what happened today.

FX: DOCTOR, NYSSA AND TEGAN HURRIEDLY ENTER.

DOCTOR:

As do we.

WILLIAM:

Doctor! Tegan...!

TEGAN:

William, give me the sword.

WILLIAM:

What? Why?

TEGAN:

(MARCHING FORWARD) Just give it!

WILLIAM:

Very well. (PASSES SWORD) I don't understand...

NYSSA:

We were worried that someone might get hurt.



MRS HURLEY:

Neither of my men has come to harm. We are indeed fortunate to come through a day like this quite unscathed.

TEGAN:

Hardly unscathed!

NYSSA:

William... have you told her?

WILLIAM:

We needn't play this family drama out in front of Thomas Tyler. My father is right about that.

TYLER:

I thought I was good as family to you! I always was before.

HURLEY:

But today you are a... What did you call yourself? A reporter! You have a duty to posterity, to history.

DOCTOR:

My thoughts exactly!

TYLER:

Nothing more you can say will influence me, Doctor. — I must get my things. Mister Hurley, may I borrow Dodson, and the Landau? I must catch the six o'clock, or I'll be stuck here in the North.

HURLEY:

Be my guest, sir.

FX: TYLER STARTS TO LEAVE, THE DOCTOR INTERCEDES.

DOCTOR:

No, wait. Don't turn your back on me, Thomas Tyler. When you're writing your copy, I want you to remember. Remember the noise, and the panic. Remember the faces of those who were trampled on, or struck down with swords. Remember how the cavalry behaved today, and that nasty private militia assembled with such vicious intent!

HURLEY:

(LEAPING UP) Sir! Doctor! I cannot allow you to impugn the honour of my regiment, not in my own house!

DOCTOR:

Forgive me, sir. I was merely expressing my hope that Mister Tyler will listen to his conscience when he commits his words to posterity later tonight.

TYLER:

I'm sorry, Doctor. I must do the right thing.

FX: TYLER EXITS.

TEGAN:

(CALLING AFTER) The right thing for who? For the rich? For your paymasters? For the ruling class?

NYSSA:

We'll never convince him. Not now.

DOCTOR:

I'm a fool for even hoping.

HURLEY:

You're a strange man, Doctor. You and your 'companions'. Who are you? What are you...?

MRS HURLEY:

Leave them be, my dear. Let these awful strangers leave. I don't want them in my home a moment longer.

DOCTOR:

It's all right, Mrs Hurley. We're leaving.

NYSSA:

Only not just yet!

DOCTOR:

Nyssa, please.

NYSSA:

You're all talking about history and posterity, but not one of you is talking about Cathy, and Peter.

TEGAN:

Too right.

NYSSA:

Peter, William. Do you not remember him...?

WILLIAM:

I carried his poor cold body to the infirmary. How could I not?

TEGAN:

But he was more than that to you, wasn't he?

WILLIAM:

More than what? I don't follow you.

NYSSA:

Cathy told me, William. How you used to play out, here in the grounds. How you used to make her laugh.

WILLIAM:

But that was years ago! What does that have to do with anything?

HURLEY:

Stupid boy, don't you hear what she's insinuating?

WILLIAM:

No, what?

NYSSA:

(FLUSTERED) That the child... was yours?

MRS HURLEY:

Merciful heavens.

WILLIAM:

No! I couldn't possibly... No! Why would you think that of me? How could you think that of me?

MRS HURLEY:

The child wasn't my son's, you foolish girl. Do you think my darling boy would stoop so low?

HURLEY:

It were the progeny of some young radical, I expect. One of those who went round putting ideas in her head. But I took her back, after her stay down south. In my house. Despite the talk. I took her back – remember that!

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, William. My young friends appear to have leaped to the wrong conclusion. – Nyssa, Tegan, we're leaving.

NYSSA:

Even so... Cathy still belonged to Hurley Hall, and so did her son.

TEGAN:

Even if the boy wasn't directly related, he was one of your own!

MRS HURLEY:

I've never heard the like.

WILLIAM:

No, mother. They're right. Cathy was one of us, and so was her child. We employed her. We employed all of her family. We were responsible – weren't we, Father? The boy was one of our own.

FX: VERY QUIETLY, THE DOCTOR, NYSSA & TEGAN EXIT.

HURLEY:

One of our own. – Yes. Yes, he was. (BEGINS TO WEEP)

WILLIAM:

I'm sorry, Father. But there's the truth.

HURLEY:

What have I done? What will we do?

WILLIAM:

Peter's gone. But there are other Peters. Other children. They deserve better, I know they do! – Isn't that so, Tegan–

MRS HURLEY:

They've gone, all of them. Just now. While you were... (DISTASTE)  
... distracted.

WILLIAM:

What? Just... gone?

**CROSS TO:**

**70: EXT. GROUNDS OF HURLEY HALL – EARLY EVENING**

FX: PEACEFUL NIGHT TIME GARDEN SOUNDS. HOOTING. STIRRING OF TREES IN THE BREEZE. UNDERGROWTH CRACKLES AS DOCTOR, NYSSA & TEGAN MAKE THEIR WAY THROUGH THE COPSE.

DOCTOR:

What you have to remember is that, as time travellers... sometimes, we witness terrible things. Things we never should.

NYSSA:

And you're saying that these are fixed points, that we shouldn't even visit?

DOCTOR:

Perhaps I shouldn't have put it that way. Yes, there are certain events that must proceed unimpeded. What I meant is, there will be consequences of today. Positive, as well as negative.

TEGAN:

I can't see a bright side.

DOCTOR:

Today's outrage marks are a major turning point in the history of the working class. I say that as a 'posho', of course. But nonetheless. Women like Cathy will be inspired to speak out. To push for reform. It's the beginning of the campaign for universal suffrage!

NYSSA:

That's something, I suppose.

DOCTOR:

Percy Shelley will write a poem about it.

TEGAN:

Oh great. A poem.

DOCTOR:

Words last longer than people do, Tegan. Even Time Lords. The words are the means by which any of it's remembered. (QUOTING)  
*"Rise, like lions after slumber/  
In unvanquishable number!/  
Shake your chains to earth like dew  
Which in sleep had fallen on you:  
Ye are many – they are few!"*

FX: FOOTSTEPS THROUGH UNDERGROWTH STOP AS THEY REACH THE TARDIS.

DOCTOR:

Here we are. (PATS DOOR)

FX: DOCTOR UNLOCKS THE TARDIS DOORS. PUSHES DOOR, LOOKS INSIDE.

DOCTOR:

Yes, she seems to have repaired herself nicely.

NYSSA:

The child, though. Peter. It's hard to consign everything to history and say, this is how it goes..

DOCTOR:

I'm sorry, Nyssa.

NYSSA:

So am I. (SHE GOES INSIDE)

TEGAN:

Give her time, Doctor. She knows what it's like, she's travelled with you long enough. But she's hurting, you know?

DOCTOR:

I know, Tegan.

TEGAN:

I was away for a while. But I still remember. Time travellers need to have brave hearts.

FX: THEY ENTER SHIP, DOORS CLOSE. DEMATERIALISATION.

**THE END**